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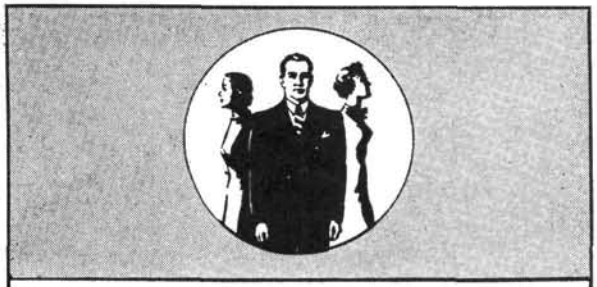

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The Defense of Democracy

BY GEORGE SLOCOMBE

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

Since the recent resignation of Anthony Eden as British Foreign Minister, many thousands of words have been written by American commentators on Great Britain's policy in the present European situation. *The Saturday Review* asked George Slocombe, a veteran British correspondent now in this country, to discuss these comments, as well as current books which bear upon the situation. Mr. Slocombe is the author of "The Dangerous Sea" and "The Tumult and the Shouting"; his new book, coming next week, is "A Mirror to Geneva."

Keystone photos

ANTHONY EDEN

AT no moment in Anglo-American relations since the Wilson-Grey controversy, in 1915-16, over the freedom of the seas has British foreign policy excited so much discussion in the United States as now. The recent changes in the official attitude of England to Hitler and Mussolini, the replacement of Mr. Anthony Eden at the Foreign Office by Lord Halifax, and the apparent orientation of the British government towards a more realist policy regarding Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, have been discussed at length, with varying degrees of partisanship, by American editorial writers, commentators, and foreign correspondents. America's own attitude towards Europe and its rivalries, ideological wars, and military preparations is, moreover, the subject of animated discussion between the various advocates of pacifism, preparedness, intervention, and isolationism. A number of writers, British and American, have also recently published books on the inter-related themes of British and American foreign policy. The observations and reflections set down hereafter are those which occur to the writer after a year almost equally divided between travel in Europe and travel in the United States, and after conversations in many of the great American cities with statesmen, editors, college presidents, bankers, and industrialists.

On a number of occasions recently speeches by political leaders in America, notably by President Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes, have given birth to the assumption that the United States contemplated taking more than a platonic interest in the defense of democracy. The reference by the President at Chicago to a policy of moral quarantine, and certain implications in Mr. Ickes's own more recent radio address to the peoples of the British Empire, seemed to justify the belief that not only was America becoming aware of the limitless ambitions of the fascist and military dictatorships in Europe and the Far East, but was also proposing to aid the victims of aggression, present and prospective, to halt the advancing fascist tide.

But the promise contained or implied in the President's speech at Chicago was promptly dispelled by the action or inaction of the State Department on subsequent occasions, and even the generous language of Mr. Ickes's radio appeal proves on closer scrutiny to be unrelated to any present or future policy of the American government. "With the fascist countries of the world drawing closer and closer together in an ominous and bodeful phalanx," he rightly declares, "it behooves America and all other democratic countries to prove. . . ." To prove what? That they are ready to defend their liberties, their commerce, their political institutions, and their territories from open aggression or the more insidious modern forms of annexation, ideological warfare, and undeclared intervention? Not at all! Merely that "under a democratic form of government the highest political liberty as well as the greatest economic security not only can be but will be provided."

This is certainly an affirmation with which no lover of democracy would seek to quarrel. The trouble is that time and the rising tide of fascism will not wait to see the outcome of America's interesting experiment in economic democracy. While a New Deal is occupied with the task of making America safe for democracy, democracy is in more and more imminent danger of total destruction in other continents.

"Just as we cannot fight ideas with bullets," Mr. Ickes says shrewdly, "neither can we overcome facts with theories." But in this case the bullets are with the idea of fascism, and are, or have been hitherto, conspicuously lacking in support of the idea of democracy. And in order to overcome the fact of the great and increasing armaments of Italy, Germany, and Japan, the invasions of China, Ethiopia, and Spain, and the gradual destruction of independent Austria, the champions of the democratic ideal in America are guilty of the very error which Mr. Ickes denounces, the error of trying to overcome facts with theories.

The same champions denounce Mr. Neville Chamberlain as a traitor to democracy because he realized that if ideas could not be fought with bullets (unless possibly by bigger and better bullets than the other fellow's), neither could bullets be fought (when they were fired by ruthless adventurers like Hitler and Mussolini) by ideas, and that unless and until Great Britain and her friends in Europe can defend their cause with arms, it behooves them to defend democracy at home not by attempting to give to the world an object lesson in the stability and adaptability of democracy, but by making such a temporary deal with the dictators as will at least give the democracies a breathing space in which to catch up on their armaments.

So much the doctrine of expediency would seem to warrant. So much, moreover, is the realistic deduction to be drawn from the growing Anglo-German hostility described in a recent book by Mr. A. L. Kennedy, formerly of the London *Times* staff, under the title of "Britain Faces Germany" (Oxford University Press). Mr. Kennedy suffers from no delusions regarding the despotic, aggressive, and intimidating character of the Nazi regime. He is aware of the growing Anglophobia in Germany, of the resurgence of the anti-British hatred of 1914-1918, of the danger of Nazi imperialism, of the German threat to France, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and South-Eastern Eu-

Next Week

A MIRROR TO GENEVA
By GEORGE SLOCOMBE
Reviewed by Prince Hubertus Loewenstein

THE TRIPLE THINKERS
By EDMUND WILSON
Reviewed by Ernest Boyd

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rope. But he believes that Nazi ambitions may be satisfied, and German suspicions of Great Britain lulled, by an Anglo-German understanding, to be purchased by the concession of colonies, credits, raw materials, and political and financial support in other fields. Mr. Kennedy's arguments are to all intents and purposes those of what is frequently, if not entirely accurately, described as the pro-German group in England—the Astors, Mr. Garvin, Lord Lothian, the *Times*, *et al.*—a group which seems to many Americans, not without some justification, to have just received a formidable recruit in the person of the British Prime Minister.

Upon the shoulders of Mr. Chamberlain has now fallen, in many American eyes, the mantle of international ignominy worn by Mr. Eden since the League fiasco over Ethiopia. Mr. Eden, for long the villain of European diplomacy, suddenly becomes its hero. Is not America in part responsible for both these metamorphoses? If America had been willing to cut off oil supplies to Mussolini during the war in Ethiopia, Mr. Eden might have avoided both his first and his second martyrdoms, although a largely unarmed England and a partly armed France might have been forced as a result to fight a fully armed Italy and Germany if, as then seemed probable, the baffled Italian dictator sought revenge and escape in a new European war.

If America had been willing to follow up the Chicago improvisation of its President by more than a moral attitude of disapproval towards treaty-breaking and open aggression in the Far East and in Europe, it is probable that Herr Schuschnigg would not recently have been summoned to Berchtesgaden to surrender the independence of his country under the guns of Hitler's generals, and that Great Britain would not now be forced to go almost hat in hand to Mussolini. The terrible dilemma of humiliating peace or disastrous war would have been avoided. The abrupt intimation that the United States would support any attempt of the democracies in Europe to defend themselves would almost certainly have halted the triumphant advance of the dictators, an advance of which Ethiopia, Spain, China, and Austria have marked the successive victories, and Anthony Eden would not have been sacrificed to make a Roman holiday.

As it is, his resignation will appear to many of his most sincere admirers, among whom I count myself, as a gesture of despair. *"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."* Despairing, but also futile, since in their hearts his partisans know that without the aid of America the battle of the democracies is vain. Without America, and even with the doubtful aid of Italy, the western democracies fought Germany unsuccessfully during the first three years of the last World War. Even after the intervention of America, Germany was able to deliver the smashing blow at the Allied Associated armies of March, 1918.

The German-Italian alliance of today is infinitely stronger than the Austro-German alliance of 1914. Moreover Japan is now an enemy, and likely to keep Soviet Russia busy on her Far Eastern frontiers for years to come.

Heretofore Mr. Eden may have counted upon the hypothetical aid of the United States in any showdown with the dictatorships. But Mr. Chamberlain quite evidently does not. Mr. Chamberlain may lack the romantic appeal of Mr. Eden, and his arguments may be empty of that magnificent rhetoric which placed Mr. Eden's resignation speech alongside the best utterances of Castlereagh, Canning, and Palmerston. Mr. Chamberlain may know little of history, but he probably gauges the instincts of his fellow-countrymen fairly correctly. And he remembers that many of the people now shouting for Mr. Eden only a few years ago were eagerly writing their signatures on a Peace Ballot of which the only practical consequence was to convince Hitler and Mussolini that Britain would not fight another war.

In spite of the judicial and moderate editorial attitude taken by some American newspapers, notably the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times*, Mr. Chamberlain is to say the least of it not popular in America—even less popular than he is among Liberals and Laborites in Great Britain. Realists rarely command affection. It is interesting, nevertheless, to a British observer to note the mutually contradictory character of the two schools of criticism now directing abuse against the British Prime Minister: the isolationists and the anti-fascists.

The elements in the American nation which are either actively hostile or passively indifferent to the European democracies now threatened by the dictatorships seem to me to fall into several categories:—the sincere pacifists, the querulous and not very articulate advocates of non-intervention in any circumstances, and the racial partisans. The more articulate critics of the isolationist school find their arguments ably prepared and documented for them in such books as Walter Millis's "Road to War" (Houghton Mifflin) and Quincy Howe's "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty" (Simon & Schuster.) In a number of American cities I have found Mr. Millis's lucid exposition of the methods employed by British and American propagandists during the last war cited by pacifists as condemnation in advance of the circumstances under which American opinion may be roused, and American aid invoked, in favor of intervention in another European war. And both pacifists and isolationists find plausible if occasionally one-sided support for their arguments in Mr. Howe's able and merciless post-mortem, dealing with British influence on American foreign policy.

To the second school belong instinctively all anti-fascist Americans, whether Democrat, Republican, Socialist, or Communist. It is easy to sympathize with their generous anger at Mr. Chamberlain. It is also easy to understand it. In blaming Mr. Chamberlain for throwing Mr. Eden (and with him, by inference, Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, and democracy in general) to the fascist wolves, these critics are in reality censuring the foreign policy of the United States. But Mr. Chamberlain is an easier dog to beat than Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hull. Beating him salves the conscience of liberal Americans. Just as a belated praise of Mr. Eden gives warmhearted and indignant Americans the consoling feeling that in Anthony Eden America had its own champion in the European lists.

Miss Dorothy Thompson is a particularly eloquent and powerful advocate of the liberal America which has suddenly taken Mr. Eden to its heart, after a long period of disdain and vituperation for his alleged responsibility for the failure to prevent Italy's rape of Ethiopia. Mr. Eden has also become the hero of Liberal

(Continued on page 14)

Logic

By MERLE G. WALKER

STONE proves its logic in the slanting shaft,
The line unbent,
Precise conclusion to the argument
The marble held. Some question in the brass
Has final answer in this Cretan jar.
The shape of truth, complete and circular,
Lays quiet form upon this bowl of glass.

Yet man alone his syllogism keeps,
Its end unknown,
Seeking conclusion for the premises
Of flesh and bone.

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Government by the People

THE 168 DAYS. By Joseph W. Alsop and Turner Catledge. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by BURTON J. HENDRICK

IT is an excellent piece of journalism that Messrs. Alsop and Catledge have provided in the present volume. And, like all fine pieces of journalism, it has more than a contemporary interest and importance. It will remain indefinitely part of the literature concerned with the greatest crisis that has assailed the Supreme Court in its century and half of not too easy existence. This isn't only because the book is well written, calmly tempered, well organized, fair in every paragraph to the main actors in the drama, free from that quality of smart-aleckism which has disfigured much Washington correspondence, but because it carries conviction of authenticity on every page. The writers frankly say that they can produce no documentary evidence for their statements and that their narrative is based upon conversations with persons who possessed first-hand acquaintance with the facts in question. Such interviews do not comprise all of history, but they are an important part of it. Upon data obtained this way Tacitus must have relied for most of his annals. Certain important parties to the controversy obviously could not be interviewed. The facts in possession of the President and his kitchen cabinet may some day see the light. Ultimately the secrets of the Supreme Court conference room should get into the history books. But the value of the present enterprise is that it collects, while memory is still fresh, those incidents, those phrases, those human incentives which, except for a conscientious investigation of this kind, would be lost for ever.

Wide World
TURNER CATLEDGE

That there may be errors which subsequent memoirs may disclose the authors freely grant. Despite this, it is a safe assumption that this narrative, in its large outlines and in its circumstances, presents a true history of this vibrant episode. There are two other crises in the life of the Supreme Court which may be compared to the recent struggle. These are the Dred Scott decision in 1857 and the "packing" by Grant, in 1870 — for it amounted to no less — in order to secure a reversal of the legal tender decisions. In the first, nearly fifty years passed before the publication of the correspondence of James Buchanan gave the true account of that statesman's interference with judicial process. In the second it was necessary to wait a generation before the real motives of Grant in his appointment of Strong and Bradley became public property. Thanks to Alsop and Catledge the story — almost the "inside story" — of Roosevelt's attack on the ancient tribunal is unfolded to contemporary eyes.

This study will carry its most enlightening message perhaps to observers of the democratic process. At a time when that system is being submitted to its severest test, and when the army of detractors is daily growing in size, this survey of a single episode is exceedingly to the point. In many ways it will furnish comfort to the enemy. Much of what is here written displays government based on popular rule in its most odious phases. The secrecy with which the court bill was prepared, the complete ignoring of the legislative branch, on which final responsibility rested, the authoritarian manner in which the people's representatives were commanded to act, the bribery used by the executive department in the attempt to secure its passage—bribery no less because it took the form of the proffer of offices, local appropriation, relief money, threat of political extinction, glittering promises of political reward—all these things portray democratic weaknesses in the most deplorable light. The nation has never witnessed a more sordid spectacle, and, as it turned out, a more tragic one, than that presented by "Joe" Robinson, the administration's leader in the Senate, on whom his chief forced the unpleasant task of jamming the legislation through. That Mr. Robinson was personally hostile to the "reform," is no secret; in his own words it was "raw." Yet his task as party leader made it his duty to browbeat his unwilling partisans into accepting the measure; all this time he was receiving telephone messages from the White House managers—not of course from the President — that, if he failed, the life long cherished appointment to the Supreme Court would be denied him. Such things not not argue well for the future of democracy.

JOSEPH W. ALSOP

Yet there are much more opimistic lessons to be drawn from the battle. The finest is that all this pressure failed. The vast power of the executive, in patronage, billions of money for local allotments, did not accomplish its purpose. The Democratic Senators of 1937 were subjected to about the strongest temptation that political gentlemen can experience, and, as a mass, came out of the fire unscathed. Let it everlastingly be put down to their credit that, in an issue affecting their own personal fortunes and the public good, their conscience triumphed. The Senate, for many years assailed as a haven of special interest and political selfishness, suddenly became an institution worthy of the best American traditions. Incidentally, it became also once more a debating forum. One of the most healthy revelations of the present volume is that certain speeches actually changed votes. The cynical aphorism of the American law giver that "Many speeches have changed my opinion, but never, thank God, my vote" did not apply in this case. And back of it all, of course, was the spirit manifested by the people. In this instance the citizens were not the unthinking, careless, sodden masses that they are frequently pictured, but intelligent units in the body politic, alert in the preservation of their rights and liberties. The most flattering deduction to be drawn from the Alsop-Catledge book is that the American democracy is not, in the words of Mussolini, a "putrid corpse."

Burton J. Hendrick is the author of "Bulwark of the Republic," a history of the Constitution of the United States.

Caspar Milquetoast Joins the Revolution

MEET ME ON THE BARRICADES. By Charles Yale Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

I AM not sure that Mr. Harrison's book is a novel. But I am altogether sure that it is swell reading. I recommend this brief, witty, highly intelligent book as an effective mental purgative for intellectuals suffering from political dyspepsia and ideological constipation.

P. Herbert Simpson (the P for Peter) is a "vicarious revolutionist," a pathetic breed especially numerous since the depression, pinned down by Mr. Harrison with a sort of malicious tenderness. The malice, I gather, is directed against the pompous propagandists who bedevil meek and well-meaning creatures with their lies and quarrels. The tenderness is for the dazed little Simpsons on their treadmill of routine days and routine ideas.

In real life Simpson is a proficient oboeist in a symphony orchestra, shuttling between the rehearsal hall and his home, his bread-and-butter Mathilda, and his books in a New York suburb. Seeing him —and you *have* seen him a thousand times—you would not guess that his inner life is lived on a plane of high political and intellectual excitement.

It is essentially this imaginary existence

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FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "MEET ME ON THE BARRICADES"

that Mr. Harrison records effectively. All the noble causes and heroic crusades of our time — in Russia, China, Spain, at home — focus and fuse and splutter in poor Simpson's simple brain. As Comrade Piotr Simpson he leads and conquers the embattled proletariat in Petrograd, identifying himself with all the heroics of his half-digested reading on the Russian Revolution. As Compañero Pedro Simpson he directs the decisive action in defense of Madrid, a composite of the newsreels, *Carmen,* and Loyalist slogans.

Like other vicarious revolutionists, Simpson suffers serious ideological cramps in confronting the confusions of Moscow purge trials, atrocities behind the Loyalist lines, and other bewildering facts. Somehow his wishful thinking and his flair for easy adjustments enable him to remain pacifist while fighting wars for democracy, and a democrat while espousing Stalinism.

I am not giving away too much of the story, because the charm of this book is in its detail. There is the time P. Herbert Simpson exchanges ideas, as equal to equal, with his friend Franklin (Roosevelt is the second name)—in his mind he is on terms of intimacy with all the important ones, dead or alive, who figure in the press and in his radical literature. There is the classic scene where the Browder (head of the American Communist Party) of 1937 meets his own image, the Browder of 1932, and refuses to recognize the fellow. When the earlier Browder insists on quoting embarrassing ideas now discarded, the 1937 Browder finally chokes him to death.

Extravaganza is perhaps the best word to describe "Meet Me on the Barricades." But despite the cavorting fantasy of the thing it is essentially serious in its implications. Mr. Harrison, who is the author of "Generals Die in Bed," writes extremely well. There are scenes, pages, and lines in his latest book which will remain with the reader as permanent acquisitions.

Eugene Lyons is the author of "Assignment in Utopia."

Fever for Fame

RENOWN. By Frank O. Hough. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOLMES ALEXANDER

IN his strange character, his military genius, his high adventures, Benedict Arnold provides compelling material for a historical novel. Mr. Hough has made a happy experiment in performing the marriage of fact and fiction. With a prologue and an epilogue in strict biographical form, he not only wins a reader's confidence but rescues his main narrative from a slow beginning and a dwindling finish.

The career of Benedict Arnold has Shakespearean possibilities. He was a dark tragic figure in whom ambition and genius fought with megalomania and plain bad luck. His fever for fame was his making and his undoing. In the first years of the Revolution he was a national hero. He captured Fort Ticonderoga and led the brilliant but futile expedition against Quebec. He turned Burgoyne's flank at Saratoga. Washington praised him; his troops adored him; Congress made him military governor of Philadelphia.

Eleanor Price

FRANK O. HOUGH

The transformation of this hero into a traitor—this and the pathetic aftermath, Arnold's exile—are the author's main concern. As Mr. Hough rightly conceives, the main causes of Arnold's downfall were inside the man. Jealousy, arrogance, and glory-hunger kept him at odds with his fellow officers. Carelessness with other people's money had Congress constantly about his ears. On top of this he married Peggy Shippen, the Tory belle, who led him into the treason for which his name is known. All the narrative works toward the high climax of Arnold's actual desertion, a scene vividly dramatized. Scattered through the book are some stirring battle descriptions (particularly Arnold's charge at Saratoga), but the most appealing scenes come during Arnold's proud but bewildered exile in the Empire he had tried to succor.

Mr. Hough's detachment is admirable and his psychology convincing. Arnold always claimed patriotic motives for his deed. He sold America to the British to save her from the French. He arranged honorable terms of surrender to prevent (as he thought) a dictated peace by conquest. Readers will come away convinced that Arnold believed all this, but that it was the hypnosis of a frustrated mind. He wanted renown even if he had to cheat for it.

It is a pity that Mr. Hough's writing does not live up to his swift action and keen insight. The book is too long and the dialogue is often shaky. Too many of his males talk like the *Congressional Record;* his females cry "La" and toss their heads. As a literary performance the book is closer to Sabatini than to Kenneth Roberts, but its history is sound and it is a promising first novel.

Tristram in 1938

DAWN IN LYONESSE. By Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $1.75.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

CONCEIVING this brief tale of present day Cornwall must have required an exceptional imaginative impulse on the part of the author. Similarly, it demands more than usual of the reader, who to begin with must accept the heroine's odd infatuation with the old Tristram legend, then follow a narrative progressing on two planes at once. For Ellen Pascoe is both simple servant in a Tintagel hotel and also, thanks to the book an American professor has brought to her attention, Iseult of the White Hands. Her friend Susan unconsciously plays the part of the other, the Irish, Iseult in the drama that follows. Both women love the same fisherman-Tristram, and cling together in a common sorrow after his death. Yet Miss Chase to her credit does not overwork the parallel or make it too obvious. Her story is elaborated with high skill, now on a purely realistic basis of charabancs and trippers, now in the heart of Ellen's romantic imaginings, which closely approach sheer poetry. Despite some moments of mannered writing tending towards the introduction of set-pieces in the vein of the last century, the tragedy of these women becomes compelling and believable once the initial romantic machinery has been safely set in motion. There is beauty in this slight book, beauty of a sort we are perhaps inclined to neglect nowadays, since it springs neither from action nor from outward sentiment, but from inner emotions roused by a contemplation of the past. For those who are not too earthbound to command the necessary resiliency of mind, this should prove an unforgettable little book, a by-product, no doubt, of Miss Chase's true talents, but a most creditable and affecting one.

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Mystery and Morals of Money

THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY: A New Approach to Economics. By Harry Scherman. New York: Random House. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by R. GORDON WASSON

HARRY SCHERMAN has written a bold, brilliant book. After a long and successful career in the book business, he finally brings forth a volume of his own, his first one, in which he explores in layman's language the mysteries of money, banking, and the trade cycle, illuminating his theme with startling flashes of insight. He has read widely and intelligently; the authorities that he cites are the best. At a time when it is the vogue for intellectuals to decry the morals of business and magnify the virtues of a socialistic state, Mr. Scherman turns the tables by setting out to prove, with a wealth of evidence, that the morals governing private transactions are extraordinarily high, whereas "scoundrelism" pervades government, including the government of our own beloved country. Only in a free country could his devastating indictment of the State be published.

Mr. Scherman is profoundly impressed by the extent to which the economic activities of mankind, in all their multitudinous variety, are based on trust. The laborer trusts his boss until pay-day; the store trusts customers with charge accounts, and the auto dealer trusts the installment buyer; the manufacturer trusts the store to which he sells, and the raw-material man trusts the manufacturer while his product is in process; depositors trust the banks where they lodge their money, and banks trust their borrowers; the insured trust the insurance companies; buyers of bonds trust the borrowing corporations and governments. Faith in the promised performance of others permeates the activities of us all to a point where we even forget that a promise is outstanding. In chapter after chapter Mr. Scherman unravels the extraordinary web of promises in which we all live. The volume of transactions wherein trust is an element reaches astronomical figures, and the amazing thing is that the record of punctual performance in private transactions approaches 100%.

The trust that we place in our neighbors, as Mr. Scherman shows, is the fruit of past performance, measured almost automatically by elaborate machinery of which most of us are unconscious. He attributes the prevalence of honesty in human transactions to three influences: an unthinking impulsion arising from our love of praise and respect, an economic compulsion based on our continuing need of others, and finally the fear of intervention by the State through the law courts. Even when the unusual happens and men or corporations fail to keep their promises, it is owing more often to miscalculation of the future and insufficient resources than to dishonest intent.

But there is one area, says Mr. Scherman, in which *dis*honesty is the rule: government. Throughout all history, in all lands, the record of rulers has been a disgrace. In our own country, it is hard to discern more than a handful of men in office who are truly aware of their fiduciary responsibilities. They disburse Other People's Money like wastrels. In line with their progenitors in all times and places, their only worry is how to find subjects to pluck with the least squawking. Our rulers seize (tax) all they can; then they borrow, exploiting the fine tradition of honesty among private persons by making promises that they know will never be fulfilled; finally, they clip, sweat, debase, and devalue the currency. They are, in Mr. Scherman's opinion, as unscrupulous in breaking faith as they dare to be, and they are infinitely resourceful in stirring up a smoke-screen of specious argument to hide the ugly facts as long as possible from their victims. When our government seized the gold held by Federal Reserve Banks some years ago, it was merely doing what the kings of the Middle Ages did, when they periodically expropriated the precious metals held by their subjects. Today, however, the government hides its high-handed acts under a welter of legalistic verbiage.

Mr. Scherman holds that governments, try as they will, are unable to decree what money is. Governments can alter the definition of monetary units (this they habitually do) and try to impose fiat money in protean forms. But the primordial instinct of human beings is to measure values in terms of the precious metals, and despite all the government can do, the authority of a given weight of gold finally imposes itself, sometimes circuitously, in the market place.

Then there is the meaning of that much-used expression, "public confidence." According to Mr. Scherman, lack of "confidence" simply means that men—generally bankers in the first instance—begin to doubt that "promises" will be fulfilled. The government cannot command confidence; its duty is to inspire confidence. Scolding the business community only spreads the plague.

And here we come to Mr. Scherman's illuminating views on the history and nature of banking. Bankers have always been hated, especially by rulers. Why? Simply because their profession is one in which, to survive, two qualities are needed: probity and caution. With a cold eye, bankers are continuously puncturing dreams of easy wealth with pin-pricks of reality. As rulers seek to gratify their unbridled appetites for other people's money, they are being continuously infuriated by the dispassionate criticism of bankers in the market place, and they employ all their prestige and power to discredit the bankers and postpone the disclosure of the truth.

As an amateur among writers on finance and money, Mr. Scherman brings to his task the advantage of a detached point of view. The professionals may balk at some phases of his treatment of the Federal Reserve banking system or the trade cycle. His brief and airy discussion of monopoly prices is unconvincing. His harsh characterization of governmental morals would have been more effective for many readers if it had been less violent: he habitually ignores the power of understatement. His indignation sometimes makes him less than fair. For example, in dealing with the devaluation of the dollar in 1933 he seems to overlook the fact that the Government's course at that time and later saved many a private debtor from default, and the high performance of private contracts that he cites would have been a little lower if Miss Columbia had not, like Maupassant's heroine, sacrificed her honor.

But Mr. Scherman, in the opinion of this writer, has got hold of some fundamental truths that the professors have tended to overlook. The rule in our world is for men to be honest, in small affairs and big, and this honesty has alone made possible the complex material development that our country has enjoyed. Mr. Scherman's convincing demonstration of this truth was badly needed.

Disraeli

UNITED STATES TREASURY BUILDING

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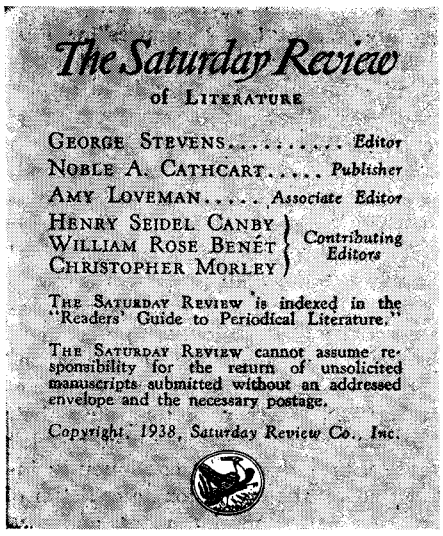
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The Folklore of Reviewers

Question: When is a writer immoral?
Answer: When he is more interested in describing how things work than he is in explaining how they ought to work.

BOTH the question and the answer are prompted by certain of the reviews of Thurman W. Arnold's "The Folklore of Capitalism" (Yale University Press). Professor Arnold's roistering, tongue-in-cheek analysis of what he calls the mythology of capitalism has been welcomed by certain of his partisans as a handbook offering short-cuts to Utopia, or at the very least a program for political action. And the same analysis has been attacked by Henry Hazlitt and Isabel Paterson as the work of an academic Ed Wynn who would have us laugh our way into fascism. The fact that Mr. Arnold has accepted the offer of Robert H. Jackson's old job as trust-buster for the Department of Justice should intensify the quarrel. His friends will be overjoyed to see a "realist" turned loose against corporations guilty of price-fixing and restraint of trade. His enemies will observe that no man who has explained how the anti-trust laws have actually fostered the growth of monopoly, as Arnold does in "The Folklore of Capitalism," can be trusted to enforce what he regards as a series of "myths" or "folklore."

In the midst of the pros and the cons about Thurman Arnold we are a little bewildered. His book is obviously the work of a verbalizing comedian who enjoys making people question their assumptions. He is not above mild exaggeration, paradox, and the tricks of the "come-on" game. If he can make you re-examine your premises by some palpable insincerity, he is perfectly willing to be insincere. (For that matter, Socrates was sometimes "insincere.") From this book we are unable to discover whether the "insincere" Professor Arnold actually approves or disapproves of inflation, price-fixing, monopoly, democracy, Hitler, Stalin, or the Yale Corporation. He admits a preference for the maximum distribution of goods and services; but so, for that matter, does Alfred P. Sloan, whom Professor Arnold regards as a myth-monger. Professor Arnold likes to see people comfortable, and in every-day life that makes him a New Dealer. But his book is not his every-day life; it is his description of the every-day thoughts, beliefs, and activities of the daily life of other people. Occasionally he gets all balled up by trying to compare politics and medicine, which are not comparable, but we don't want to argue this confusion here. What we want to know is: Why is a man who sticks mainly to description considered immoral?

Mrs. Paterson complains in the *Herald Tribune* that Arnold is not interested in "principles." It seems that he has read Machiavelli or a book about Machiavelli, and that is just terrible. Prompted by Mrs. Paterson's indignation, we reread some of "The Prince" the other day. We failed to note that Machiavelli *advocated* cynicism or brutality; he merely noted that princes generally used force in their operations. By the use of force some princes increased their territory and prestige; others who also used force failed to prosper. A study of the activities of princes led Machiavelli to formulate the laws of force. Is it immoral to preoccupy one's self with such a subject? If so, then Machiavelli was immoral. But the fact remains that the uniformities in the behavior of the princes were all there before Machiavelli wrote "The Prince." We choose to believe that it was Cesare Borgia, not Machiavelli, who was immoral. By the same token Thurman Arnold is not immoral: he is merely describing the creeds and activities of other people, who may or may not be immoralists.

Mr. Hazlitt is angry because Arnold prefers writing about institutional behavior to discussing economic and social values. But Arnold isn't interested in values, or in "truths"; he is interested in how people and institutions behave and how they justify their behavior. Perhaps the budget ought to be balanced. But Arnold isn't out to argue the truths of government finance; he is content to note that many people who want a balanced budget also demand certain things that must inevitably keep the budget from being balanced. These are facts of social behavior, and Arnold is an anatomist of social behavior. Hazlitt's concern is with economic values; Arnold's is with the facts of social behavior in a land committed to the principle that one good theft deserves another. The one is a moral philosopher; the other is a social scientist. And there ought to be room on this planet for each of them.

But the peculiar thing about moral philosophers and social scientists is that they can't tolerate each other. When President Robert Maynard Hutchins of the University of Chicago revisited the Yale Law School to speak as a moral philosopher, Arnold rushed up to him and said: "Hello, Cardinal." Hutchins later remarked, to the present writer: "Yes, Thurman Arnold is unique. So is a rattlesnake unique." The two types—moralist and anatomist—just can't live together without such wisecracks at each other's expense. The former feels that he must convert or excommunicate the latter; the latter somehow looks down upon the former for not recognizing the gap that lies between ideals and activities.

As a believer in the possibility of discovering truth and as an aspirant to the title of social anatomist we deplore the impasse. We don't see why there should be any such failure of understanding. "Truth" is something that swings on "if" clauses, when it is a "truth" that pertains to the needs or hopes of the human species. Example: *If* you want to keep everything you have, you will oppose a capital levy. Or: *If* you want above all else to satisfy the unemployed today, you will unbalance the budget and take your chances with chaos and inflation tomorrow. People like Mrs. Paterson and Mr. Hazlitt fail to make themselves explicit; they constantly ignore the "if" connection between their key values and the means for maintaining those values in human society. Instead of saying "If you want thus-and-so, you must do this," they say: "You *must* do this," or "You are insane if you don't do this." They confuse "truth" with their personal values. As an economist and moral philosopher Mr. Hazlitt prizes cheapness of goods and certainty of possession; he therefore believes in the "truths" of free trade, in the international gold standard, and in the Jeffersonian form of government. His "truths" follow from his key values, inasmuch as they are the time-tested means for maintaining those values. But when other men with different key values urge other "truths" upon us, Mr. Hazlitt is apt to denounce them as apostles of "error." That is his right, and we often share his antipathies. But he ought not to separate the means from the ends; he should recognize that values and activities are related. If discussion merely centers on means of activities, while the ends are assumed to be the same for all rational human beings, confusion results—and you have editorial pages that assume the whole world *must* want the same things as the newspaper proprietor.

Thurman Arnold recognizes that men, since they are often in different circumstances, frequently want different things. That makes him an immoralist and a spreader of confusion. But it is confusion only to those who assume that Hooverville, Jersey City, and Locust Valley, Long Island, are all agreed on what constitutes the Good Life. Perhaps they *ought* to be so agreed, but it is a social fact that they are not. Professor Arnold's great use is that he counsels us to keep our eyes on social facts; possibly he entertains the unexpressed hope that open eyes may lead to a reconsideration of key values all around, or at least to less violent methods of settling claims between men of conflicting values.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

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Letters to the Editor: *Time and Mr. Priestley; "Boundary against Night"*

Fourth Dimension

SIR:—In lamenting the neglect of J. W. Dunne's "An Experiment with Time," Mr. Priestley overlooked the obvious explanation of why both philosophers and scientists want to dump this baby in somebody else's lap: it is no relation of theirs. Although philosophers often practise the kind of linguistic fraud on which Mr. Dunne bases his experiment, they have no patent on so universal a custom as the abuse of words; and scientists are certainly not to be held responsible for his perversion of modern physics. For there is nothing mysterious about the "fourth dimension" in science. It is simply a convenience of measurement, a nominal definition—an *invention*, not a discovery; one needs it to measure motion just as one needs the third dimension to measure volume. Mr. Dunne's speculations have no serious relation to the concepts of Einstein.

Although to me these particular speculations seem a waste of possibly valuable intelligence and time (Time One, that is), Mr. Priestley of course has a right to indulge in such fantasies if he finds them agreeable. Mr. Dunne may even be right—no one can say positively that he is wrong. But in view of all the unreason sweeping the world today, I think it important to call things by their right names and not present fantasy as science or logic. Mr. Dunne's notion of man moving along the Fourth Dimension has precisely the same validity as the notion of man moving on to a happy hunting ground.

HERBERT J. MULLER.

Purdue University,
Lafayette, Ind.

Boston Bystander

SIR:—As a Bostonian who knows neither Mr. Dinneen nor Mr. Davis, and who hasn't even a nodding acquaintance with Mr. Gilligan, I am interested in, and rather amused by, the spirited debate in your recent issue apropos of Mr. Dinneen's review of "Boundary against Night."

I have read this book, found it masterly in some parts and uneven in others. At first reading, after having finished the book, I thought the criticism in your magazine unfair and biased—as one author to another, as it were. Later, however, though I'd *like* to take exception to some of Mr. Dinneen's comments, it seemed to me that they are pretty fair. The hand-burying in the Wayland churchyard late at night is, of course, far-fetched, but compellingly interesting.

I was in Boston during the police strike, having just returned from Europe, and found the thing pretty tame compared to some of the rioting against Jewish shopkeepers in Prague in May, 1919. But, of course, I make allowance for fiction and Mr. Gilligan's facile pen. Only yesterday, however, a friend who was walking along Boylston Street, on that eventful day back in 1919, told me she was nearby at the time one man was shot down and a woman, evidently injured, was taken across the street from the Common to a drugstore. I believe there was only one death during the strike.

But of course Mr. Gilligan's book, especially with Bostonians, is bound to create a lot of comment pro and con. Hence the amusing word-bout between Messrs. Davis and Dinneen.

PETER FANEUIL.

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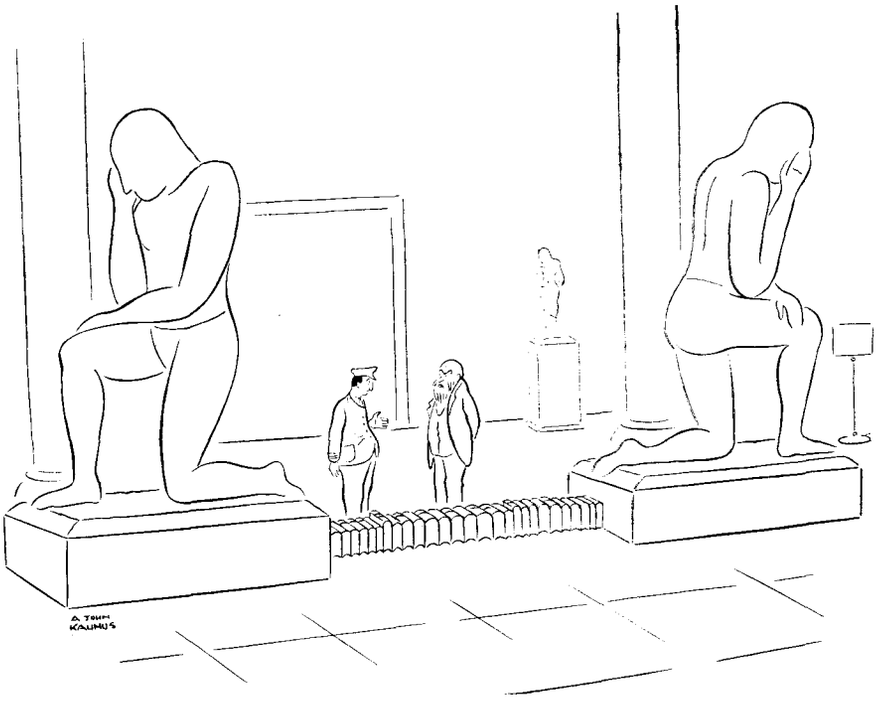

"I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR STAPLETON, BUT I JUST COULDN'T RESIST IT."

"Japan Defies the World"

SIR:—I feel sure that you will kindly grant me space to correct grave misrepresentations of my book "Japan Defies the World" in a review signed by James Frederick Green.

The book is not a "vilification of Japan." My admiration and affection for the Japanese common people appear throughout. If I "vilify" anybody it is the militarists that defied the popular will and ran away with the war machine. I loathe militarism equally in Germany or Italy, or wherever it shows its head. If I feel more strongly about Japan, it is because Japan has been my second home, and I love her outraged people.

This being the case, it should be obvious that the book is not designed "to prove the inherent immorality of the Japanese, whose life appears to begin with prostitution and end with hari-kari" *(sic)*. A normal reviewer could not miss my main thesis in the italicized words, "Japan tries to live in two worlds"—in Chapter XIV, where hara-kiri and emperor-worship and geisha and girl-slavery are adduced in proof. To speak of "the inherent immorality of the Japanese" is to slander a great people, and the phrase is not mine, but Mr. Green's.

The question of over-population is "dismissed with scorn" only if one scorns the carefully cited testimony of the greatest Japanese premier since Ito.

Minami's concealed dictatorship, termed "fantastic," was revealed to me by unimpeachable Japanese authority, and the charge is borne out by every test I have been able to apply to it. But Minami still attempts to conceal his dictatorship, and it may be long before he can be smoked completely out.

JAMES A. B. SCHERER.

Pasadena, Cal.

Mr. Green Replies

SIR:—On rereading Dr. Scherer's book in light of his letter of protest, I fail to discover any "grave misrepresentations" in my review *(SRL*, February 5, 1938).

On so controversial an issue as the alleged over-population of Japan, one desires more than a mere three pages of argument about the fish supply and a brief (but *not* carefully cited) statement made "about a decade ago" by Viscount Kato. Dr. Scherer presents no real evidence, in either his book or letter, by which his super-dictator can be completely smoked out. To measure the prejudice and propaganda in this book, one has only to read "Japan Over Asia," by William Henry Chamberlin, who approached the same problems with an open mind.

As a political scientist, I cannot respect an author who flagrantly misuses such provocative words as "fascism" and "democracy." As a normal reviewer, I cannot overlook the bellicose tone of the book and the capital letters in which its author laments "AN AMERICAN GUNBOAT SUNK."

JAMES FREDERICK GREEN.

New York City.

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Bear Hunt

BY

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

From time to time *The Saturday Review* will present previews of forthcoming books, in the form of excerpts varying in length and character. This week we publish an episode from "The Yearling," a new novel by the author of "South Moon Under." The scene is the Florida backwoods country in the last century.

DRAWING BY EDWARD SHENTON, FROM "THE YEARLING"

PENNY pushed back his plate and stood up from the table.

"Well, son, we got our day's work laid out for us."

Jody's heart fell. Hoeing—

"We stand a right good chance o' comin' up with that bear today."

The sun was bright again.

"Fetch me my shot-bag and my powder horn. And the tinder horn."

Jody jumped to bring them.

"Look at him move," his mother said. "To see him hoe, you'd think he was a snail. Say 'huntin'' and he's quick as a otter."

She went to the kitchen safe and took out one of the few remaining glasses of jelly. She spread the jelly on the left-over stack of hot cakes and tied them in a piece of cloth and dropped them in Penny's knapsack.

"This ain't much dinner," she said. "Mebbe you'll be soon back."

"Don't look for us 'til you see us," Penny said. "Anyways, no man never starved to death in a day."

"To hear Jody tell it," she said, "he kin starve to death about a hour after breakfast."

Penny swung the knapsack and tinder horn over his shoulder.

"Jody, take the big knife and go cut a good strip offen that 'gator tail."

The meat, dry-cured for the feeding of the dogs, hung in the smoke-house. Jody ran to it and swung open the heavy timbered door. The smoke-house was dark and cool, odorous with the smell of hams and bacons, dusty with the ash of hickory. Jody hacked away a piece of alligator. The meat was dry but tender. He touched his tongue to it. Its saltiness was not unpleasing. He joined his father in the yard.

At sight of the old muzzle-loading shotgun, Julia lifted her voice in a wail of delight. Rip shot from under the house to join her. Perk, the new feice, wagged his tail stupidly and without understanding. Penny patted the dogs in turn.

"You'll likely not be so merry, time the day be done," he told them. "Jody-boy, you best put on your shoes. Hit'll be rough goin', places."

It seemed to Jody that he would burst if there was further delay. He dashed in to his room and routed out his heavy cowhide brogans from under the bed. He slipped his feet into them and raced after his father as though the hunt would be done and over before he reached him. Old Julia was loping ahead, her long nose against the trail of the bear.

"The trail'll not be too cold, Pa? Reckon he won't be gone too fur yonder to ketch up with him?"

"He'll be fur yonder, but we got a heap better chancet o' ketchin' up with him, do we let him take it easy and give him time to lay up. A bear that knows he's followed moves a sight faster'n one that figgers the world's his own, to prowl and feed in."

The trail led south through the blackjacks. After the rain of the afternoon before, the great nubbed tracks made a plain pattern across the sand.

"He's got a foot like a Georgia nigger," Penny said.

"Pa, how big you reckon he be?"

"He's big. He ain't full weight right now, account of his stomach bein' shrunk up from layin' up, and empty. But look at that track. Hit's sizable enough to prove him. And look at the way it's deeper at the back. A deer track'll prove the same. A deer or bear that's fat and heavy'll sink in that-a-way. A leetle ol' light doe or yearlin' 'll walk tippy-toed, and you'll not see more than the front of their hooves. Oh, he's big."

"You'll not be scairt when we come up with him, Pa?"

"Not lessen things goes mighty wrong. I'm fearful, always, for the pore dogs. They're the scapers gits the worst of it."

Penny's eyes twinkled.

"I don't reckon you'll be scairt, son?"

"Not me." He thought a moment. "But if I was to be scairt, must I climb a tree?"

Penny chuckled.

"Yes, son. Even if you ain't scairt, hit's a good place to watch the rickus."

They walked in silence. Old Julia moved certainly. Rip, the bulldog, was content to follow at her heels, snuffing where she snuffed, stopping when she hesitated. She blew through her soft nose when the grasses tickled it. The feice made dashes to one side or another and once tore wildly after a rabbit that bolted from under his nose. Jody whistled after him.

"Leave him go, son," Penny told him. "He'll join up agin when it comes to him he's lonesome."

Old Julia gave a thin high wail and looked over her shoulder.

"The wise old scaper's changin' his direction," Penny said. "Likely he's headin' for the saw-grass ponds. Iffen that's his notion, we kin mebbe slip around and surprise him."

Jody said, "You shore kin figger what a creetur'll do."

"You belong to figger. A wild creetur's quicker'n a man and a heap stronger. What's a man got that a bear ain't got? A mite more sense. He cain't out-run a bear, but he's a sorry hunter if he cain't out-study him."

The pines were becoming scattering. There was suddenly a strip of hammock land, and a place of live oaks and scrub palmettos. The undergrowth was thick, laced with cat-briers. Then hammock, too, ended, and to the south and west lay a broad open expanse that looked at first sight to be a meadow. This was the saw-grass. It grew knee-deep in water, its harsh saw-edged blades rising so thickly that it seemed a compact vegetation. Old Julia splashed into it. The rippling of the water showed the pond. A gust of air passed across the open area, the saw-grass waved and parted, and the shallow water of a dozen ponds showed clearly. Penny watched the hound intently. The treeless expanse seemed to Jody more stirring than the shadowy forest. At any moment the great black form might rear itself high.

He whispered, "Will we cut around?"

Penny shook his head. He answered in a low voice.

"Wind's wrong. Don't seem to me like he's headin' acrost it, nohow."

The hound splashed in a zigzag trail where solid ground edged the saw-grass. Here and there the scent was lost in the water. Once she dipped her head to lap, not in thirst, but for the very taste of the trail. She moved confidently down the middle of the pond. Rip and Perk found

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their short legs too deep in muck for comfort. They retreated to higher ground and shook themselves, watching Julia anxiously.

"He's feedin' on the fire-plant," Penny murmured.

He pointed to the flat-shaped leaves. Edges showed jagged tooth-marks. Others were bitten clear of the stalk.

"Hit's his spring tonic. A bear'll make for it first thing, time he comes out in the spring." He leaned close and touched a leaf whose ragged edge was turning brown.

The hound, too, paused. The scent lay now, not underfoot, but on the reeds and grasses where the strong-smelling fur had brushed. She laid her long nose against a bulrush and stared into space, then, satisfied as to direction, splashed due south at a lively pace. Penny spoke now freely.

"He's done feedin'. Old Julia says he's clippin' it for home."

"I'd shore love to see a bear feedin' on the fire-plant, Pa."

"Well, you live long as me, and you'll see that and a heap more things, is strange and curious."

"Did you shoot 'em, Pa, while they was feedin'?"

"Son, I've helt back my shot and contented myself with watchin' many a time when creeturs was feedin' harmless and innocent. It goes agin me to crack down at sich a time. Or when creeturs is matin'. Now and agin, when it was git meat or go hungry, I've done what I've no likin' to do. And don't you grow up killin' meat you got no use for, for the fun of it. That's evil as the bears. You hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

Old Julia gave a sharp cry. The trail cut at right angles, to the east.

"I feared it," Penny said. "The bay——"

The red bay thicket seemed impenetrable. This land of sudden changes gave good cover for the game. Old Slewfoot in his careless feeding had never been far from shelter. The bay saplings stood as close together as the palings of a stockade. Jody wondered how the bear had managed to work his bulk among them. But here and there the saplings thinned, or were young and limber, and he could see, plainly marked, a common trail. Other creatures had used it.

Penny said, "I reckon I best load."

He clucked to Julia to wait for him. She lay down knowingly to rest and Rip and Perk dropped willingly beside her. Jody had been carrying the powder horn over his shoulder. Penny opened it and shook a measure of powder down the muzzle. From his shot-bag he pulled a wisp of dried black Spanish moss, inserted it for wadding, and packed it with the ramrod. He dropped in a measure of low-mould shot, more wadding, and at the last, a cap, and used the ramrod lightly again.

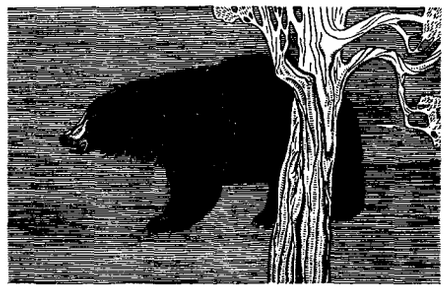
"All right, Julia. Git him."

Old Julia ran swiftly. Penny and Jody were forced to stoop to follow. Penny swung the muzzle-loader in his right hand, its barrel tipped at an angle, so that if he stumbled and the charge went off, he would not touch the running dogs before him. A branch crashed behind and Jody clutched at his father's shirt. A squirrel ran chattering away.

The swamp dipped to a running branch no broader than a fence post. The print of the nubbed foot spanned it. A water moccasin lifted a curious head, then spun down-stream in smooth brown spirals. Across the branch, palmettos grew. The great track continued across the swamp. Jody noticed that the back of his father's shirt was wet. He touched his own sleeve. It was dripping. Suddenly Julia bayed and Penny began to run.

"The Creek!" he shouted. "He's tryin' to make the Creek!"

Sound filled the swamp. Saplings crashed. The bear was a black hurricane, mowing down obstructions. The dogs barked and bayed. The roaring in Jody's ears was his heart pounding. A bamboo vine tripped him and he sprawled and was on his feet again. Penny's short legs churned in front of him like paddles.



OLD SLEWFOOT

Slewfoot would make Juniper Creek before the dogs could halt him at bay.

A clear space opened at the creek's bank. Jody saw a vast black shapeless form break through. Penny halted and lifted his gun. On the instant, a small brown missile hurled itself at the shaggy head. Old Julia had caught up with her enemy. She leaped and retreated, and in the moment of retreat, was at him again. Rip darted in beside her. Slewfoot wheeled and slashed at him. Julia flashed at his flank. Penny held his fire. He could not shoot, for the dogs.

Old Slewfoot was suddenly, deceptively, indifferent. He seemed to stand baffled, slow and uncertain, weaving back and forth. He whined, like a child whimpering. The dogs backed off an instant. The moment was perfect for a shot and Penny swung his gun to his shoulder, drew a bead on the left cheek, and pulled the trigger. A harmless pop sounded. He cocked the hammer again and pulled the trigger once more. The sweat stood out on his forehead. Again the hammer clicked futilely. Then a black storm broke. It roared in on the dogs with incredible swiftness. White tusks and curved claws were streaks of lightning across it. It snarled and whirled and gnashed its teeth and slashed in every direction. The dogs were as quick. Julia made swift sorties from the rear, and when Slewfoot wheeled to rake at her, Rip leaped for the hairy throat.

Jody was in a paralysis of horror. He saw that his father had cocked the hammer again and stood half-crouching, licking his lips, fingering the trigger. Old Julia bored in at the bear's right flank. He wheeled, not on her, but on the bulldog at his left. He caught him sideways and sent him sprawling into the bushes. Again Penny pulled the trigger. The explosion that followed had a sizzling sound, and Penny fell backward. The gun had backfired.

Rip returned to his attempts for the bear's throat and Julia took up her worrying from the rear. The bear stood again at bay, weaving. Jody ran to his father. Penny was already on his feet. The right side of his face was black with powder. Slewfoot shook free of Rip, whirled to Julia and caught her to his chest with his cupped claws. She yelped sharply. Rip hurled himself at the back and buried his teeth in the hide.

Jody screamed, "He's killin' Julia!"

Penny ran desperately into the heart of the fracas. He jammed the gun-barrel in the bear's ribs. Even in her pain, Julia had taken a grip on the black throat above her. Slewfoot snarled and turned suddenly and plunged down the bank of the creek and into the deep water. Both dogs kept their hold. Slewfoot swam madly. Only Julia's head showed above water, below the bear's snout. Rip rode the broad back with bravado. Slewfoot made the far bank and scrambled up its side. Julia loosed her hold and dropped limply on the earth. The bear plunged toward the dense thicket. For a moment more Rip stayed with him. Then, confused, he too dropped away and turned back uncertainly to the creek. He snuffed at Julia and sat down on his haunches and howled across the water. There was a crashing in the distant undergrowth, then silence.

Penny called, "Here, Rip! Here, Julia!"

Rip wagged his stumpy tail and did not stir. Penny lifted his hunting horn to his lips and blew caressingly. Jody saw Julia lift her head, then fall back again.

Penny said, "I got to go fetch her."

He slipped off his shoes and slid down the bank into the water. He struck out strongly. A few yards from shore the current laid hold of him as though he were a log and shot him down-stream at a fierce clip. He struggled against it, fighting for distance. Jody saw him stagger to his feet far down the run, wipe the water from his eyes and push his way back up the shore to his dogs. He leaned to examine the hound, then gathered her under one arm. This time he went some distance up-stream before taking to the creek. When he dropped into the water, stroking with his free arm, the current picked him up and deposited him almost at Jody's feet. Rip paddled behind him, landed and shook himself. Penny laid the old hound down gently.

"She's bad hurt," he said.

He took off his shirt and trussed the

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dog in it. He tied the sleeves together to make a sling and hoisted it on his back.

"This settles it," he said. "I got to git me a new gun."

The powder burn on his cheek had already turned into a blister.

"What's wrong, Pa?"

"Near about ever'thing. The hammer's loose on the cylinder. I knowed that. I been havin' to cock it two-three times right along. But when it back-fired, that belongs to mean the mainspring's got weak. Well, le's git goin'. You tote the blasted ol' gun."

The procession started homeward through the swamp. Penny cut north and west.

"Now I'll not rest 'til I git that bear," he said. "Jest give me a new gun—and time."

Suddenly Jody could not endure the sight of the limp bundle in front of him. There were tricklings of blood down his father's thin bare back.

"I want to go ahead, Pa."

Penny turned and eyed him.

"Don't go gittin' faintified on me."

"I kin break a trail for you."

"All right. Go ahead. Jody—take the knapsack. Git you some bread. Eat a bite, boy. You'll feel better."

Jody fumbled blindly in the sack and pulled out the parcel of pancakes. The brierberry jelly was tart and cool on his tongue. He was ashamed to have it taste so good. He bolted several of the cakes. He handed some to his father.

"Rations is mighty comfortin'," Penny said.

"The Yearling" will be published in April by Scribners.

Nexö the Conqueror

UNDER THE OPEN SKY. By Martin Andersen Nexö. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by AGNES ROTHERY

MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ'S autobiography is more than the story of an individual. Although "Under the Open Sky" deals only with his very early years, it includes, in that short span, a picture of a country and of a social era. The country is Denmark: first, the poorest, most crowded section of Copenhagen, where he was born, and then the rocky little island of Bornholm, lying between Denmark and Sweden, where he spent his boyhood. The era is that of sixty years ago, when unemployment, poverty, and discontent were as common throughout the kingdom of the Danes as they are today in the republic of the United States. The fact that in the former they are now practically non-existent is in part due to Nexö himself who, at sixty-three, is the same vigorous idealist that he was when he wrote his masterpiece "Pelle, the Conqueror."

Nexö's peculiar gift of viewing the most intimate personal experience in relation to the larger, more general life has admirable opportunity here.

As he delineates, delicately and brutally, the beatings, the terrors, the undefeatable ambitions of his starveling boyhood, it is not himself alone that he is conscious of—or that we are conscious of. It is all the underfed, sickly children of the world: the children who steal because they are hungry, who defy authority because that authority means only injustice and suppression, who love and laugh and hope and dream because these are the unconquerable attributes of childhood.

NEXÖ WITH HIS WIFE

There is nothing of self-pity in his recital. He takes it as a humorous matter of course that he learned to read as a by-product of his wanderings. "You were practically born able to make out words like 'Police Station,' and you soon learned to grasp the meaning of sentences like 'Trespassing Forbidden' or 'Beware of the Dog.'" There is gusto and pleasure in his reminiscence of the days when, as a little herd boy on the hills of Bornholm, he learned to control half a hundred scattering steers and cows by his voice, by out-maneuvering and out-running them. There is beauty in his descriptions.

Despite its painful minuteness, the book is not painful. There is triumph in it as in Nexö himself—a belief, passionate and constructive, in a better and an attainable social order.

The handsome city, the pretty countryside, the shores fringed with bays, the forests humanized by parks which were characteristic of Denmark then, still remain characteristic. But the evil maladjustment which Nexö describes no longer exists. The slums of Copenhagen are now models of orderly and adequate housing. The schools, which were once torture chambers, are among the most enlightened in the educational world. The parsimonious jealousy and suspicious egotism of the peasants in the country has been replaced by a coöperative movement so intelligent that it is respectfully studied by students from every civilized nation. Nexö, the man who grew out of the frightened, feeble Martin, is a dynamic force in social thought, as he is a figure in current, creative literature.

Mummy Knows Best

BALLADE IN G-MINOR. By Ethel Boileau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

TO SEA IN A SIEVE. By Ursula Orange. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

BOTH of these novels are by English women. Both of them deal with the less harrowing problems of sheltered upper class English youth. The point of view of both authors is so identical as to be startling. In both books Mummy is not only sure that she knows best but is able to sell her certainty to her children. The total effect is of a pleasant green world carefully preserved in some British water-glass of wishful thinking.

Lady Boileau goes on with her "Gay Family," a group of people who have made many reading friends. It is the author's aim to instruct as well as to entertain, so we have a great deal of discussion of Shakespeare and music, the death of the dear King, politics, and morals. I cannot believe that the literature on "Hamlet" is greatly enriched by any of the comments. Nevertheless the sheltered, nostalgic, eminently correct tone of the book stirs a wistful envy. If the British Isles really contain Mummies who, adored by all their children, are appreciative and intelligent about a thousand cultural things, then American motherhood is a mess.

"To Sea in a Sieve" is a great deal more humorous than "Ballade in G-Minor." Miss Orange now and again comes very close to being as acidly funny as E. M. Delafield, but most of the time she spoils her effects by not being willing to let well enough alone, and explaining her best jokes. Her Mummy is a great deal more human than Lady Boileau's Mummy, and apt to get really annoyed from time to time. Sandra, with whose marriage the book is concerned, is a really engaging person, and many of the minor characters are genuinely well done. "To Sea in a Sieve" was, to me, a great deal more entertaining than "Ballade." But I have no doubt that Lady Boileau's book will be discussed more earnestly at the bridge clubs.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

PERSONALS?

IT has often occurred to me that an interesting history of literature could be written in the method of the *Saturday Review* PERSONALS. As an experiment I set down the following. Each item refers to a notable author, American or English; only one of them now living. I have left space for the reader to write his own conjectures as to the authors concerned. Mr. Quercus allows me to print in this week's *Trade Winds* (page 24) the correct identifications.

WILL unidentified person with a fishbasket who left at this office very beautiful MS poems on wrapping paper, gave address as Under the Arches, Charing Cross Station, furnish more exact information? This greatly to his advantage. Editor, The Academy. Box 1.
( )

LOWLAND SCOT, in difficult romantic entanglement, would escape unwelcome responsibility. Desires accommodation in packet for Philadelphia or West Indies. Offers unpublished manuscripts as security. Box 2.
( )

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIAL, experience also as U. S. consul abroad, desires see some part of America where the damned shadow of Europe has never fallen. Box 3.
( )

BOOKSELLER'S WIFE, Russell Street, Covent Garden, proposes to serve tea in the shop every afternoon, where customers may talk over the latest publications and notable company is to be met. Box 4.
( )

WIGMAKER. Huguenot exile, will accept lodgers and also give lessons in French. Terms reasonable; special rates to theatrical profession. Fine chance for baldheaded client. Box 5.
( )

PARSON, Anglican, amused by his success as author of a work of indecorum, now proposes publish 2 volumes of sermons to vindicate his piety. Address CRAZY CASTLE, Box 6.
( )

PERSONALS?

AUTHOR, age 23, first novel sold 49 copies, desires place as private tutor; history, classics. Has had experience schoolteacher in U. S. A. Can give unusual London references. Neighborhood Westbourne Park preferred as must walk to employment. Box 7.
( )

EXECUTOR, flourishing brewery business, having resolved to sell, will receive bids for purchase. This is not a parcel of boilers and vats but potential wealth beyond dreams of avarice. Box 8.
( )

VERMONT farmhouse in winter, far from booksellers, desires Poems of John Donne, History of Moravian Church in Philadelphia, maps of American Colonies about 1774. Also list of books available on ship building, railroad construction, surveying, tunnel boring, labour unions, New England fisheries. Box 9.
( )

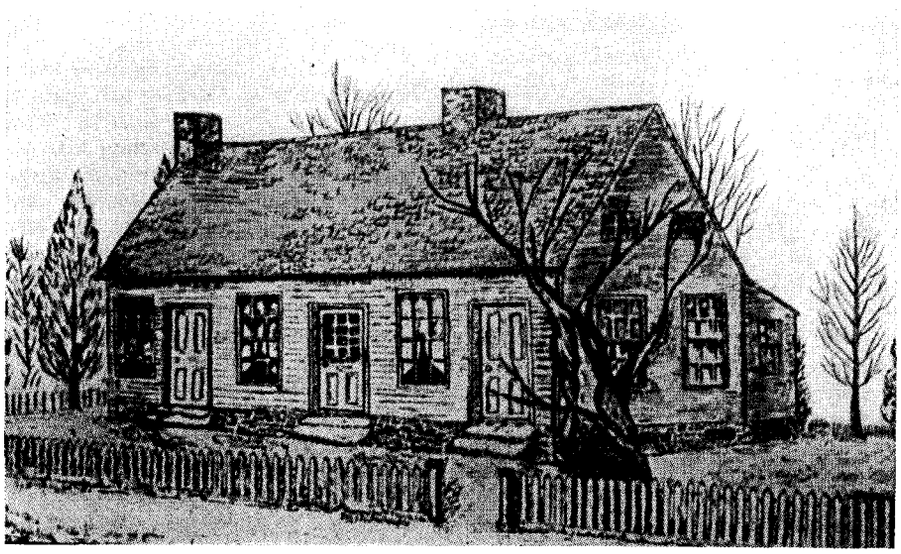
MEDICAL STUDENT, qualified to practise, hospital diploma, certificated by Apothecaries' Society, will accept post as ship's surgeon, preferably to India. Box 10.
( )

NEWSPAPER MAN, paragrapher, cartoonist, ambitious to write fiction. Wide experience South and West, pharmacist, sheep herder, bank clerk, wants opportunity to prove in New York. Believe I have the goods. Any takers? General Delivery. Columbus, Ohio. Box 11.
( )

WIFE of author wishes charter seagoing schooner yacht for South Sea Island cruise. Must accommodate 6 aft, not over $750 per month all found. Reply at once full details Palace Hotel, S. F. Box 12.
( )

IRISHMAN, philosophic vagabond on Continent for scientific and literary studies, requires pupil as travelling companion to help pay expenses. Present assets, one clean shirt, one flute, one guinea. Will instruct in languages, medicine, music, good humor. Poste Restante, Geneva. Box 13.
( )

DEVOTED MOTHER, well-to-do, seeks comfortable lodgings at Oxford, near Christ Church, where she may watch over welfare of talented but delicate son while undergraduate. Box 14.
( )



BIRTHPLACE OF ? ? ? SEE BOX 11

PERSONALS?

CLERGYMAN'S SON, university education, discharged from regiment of Dragoons, invites companions to emigrate to America, form ideal community on Susquehanna River. Box 15.
( )

CHURCH ORGANIST, formerly student Royal Academy of Music and Leipzig Conservatory, shown some skill at composition, needs collaborator to write libretto. Address Organist, St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. Box 16.
( )

BRITISH VISITOR wishes florist to deliver fresh sunflowers daily to his suite at Grand Hotel, Broadway and 31 Street. Box 17.
( )

POLYGLOT, mixed Irish-Greek blood, educated France, England, now writing for New Orleans newspaper, wishes publisher's commission to visit Japan. Under Buddhism could perhaps attain the Inner Life. Box 18.
( )

LODGINGS needed within Sanctuary limits, viz. where creditors cannot apply. Must have large bathtub, not for ablution but as receptacle for papers. Send message to O. E., c/o Maga. Box 19.
( )

FIRST ASSISTANT ENGINEER (Chief's ticket), obsessed with problem of human folly, has written novel on that topic. Now returning to sea service, wishes good-natured agent take charge of MS in his absence, but warns that publishers hitherto shown small interest. Plot involves transatlantic aeroplane flight which editors reject as impossible. Box 20.
( )

JOURNALIST, experienced editor, compositor, wants printing shop, Brooklyn or Manhattan, where he can himself set type for his own book. Unorthodox job and copy in poor shape, impossible for any other compositor. Will pay rent for use of type. Box 21.
( )

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR requires powerful horse for official journeys but must also be trained hunter to ride to hounds when opportunity offers. Address Discretion, G. P. O., Box 22.
( )

MANAGING EDITOR, varied Western experience, large and increasing family, must have bigger salary. Nothing East of Chicago considered; the East is fatal to original flavor in writing. Address c/o DENVER TRIBUNE, Box 23.
( )

SUBURBAN PROPERTY required, quiet neighborhood, where emotional redhaired poet in poor health can be safeguarded against distractions, temptations. Not too near a public house. Putney Heath preferred. Box 24.
( )

ARCHITECT, interested church design, student of graveyards, monumental masonry, tombstone lettering, would accept commission any ecclesiastical planning, especially Dorset. Box 25.
( )

TAILOR, New Jersey, expert in plain Quaker garb, feels call to travel and preach the Light. Would take ship abroad if no imagery or ornament in cabins. Box 26.
( )

COUNTRY VICAR, bachelor, lover of rustic paganism, requires housekeeper, comely but settled woman, preferably unable to read. Must be good cook and fond of pets: spaniel, trained pig (housebroken), doves, kittens, etc. Box 27.
( )

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D'Annunzio

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

THEATRICAL gestures and theatrical effects were of the essence of d'Annunzio's life. When he and Duse separated at the end of the affair which he later publicized in his novel "The Flame," the parting took place pompously over a luncheon table. Table and room were piled with sheaves of wheat; and after the repast they locked the door of the room behind them and cast away the key. When after years the door was broken in, the wheat was found to have sprouted and filled the place.

After the "Mona Lisa" was stolen from the Louvre, d'Annunzio announced that the subject of the painting had come and stayed with him for three days and on the fourth mysteriously disappeared. In 1918, when Vienna was starving, he flew at the head of a squadron of air-men over the war-shattered city and distributed leaflets of his own composition. And in recognition of his services to the fatherland and his later services to the Fascist cause, the Italian government rewarded him with the kind of circumstance he craved. It gave him a villa on the shores of the Lake of Garda, a retinue of over a hundred, high-sounding titles, military salutes, and embraces from Mussolini. The battleship on which he had triumphantly entered the harbor of Zara at the time of his occupation of Fiume was transported to the lake and anchored before his villa. The publication of a fifty-volume edition of his complete works was begun at the government's expense. And in death, he is to rest beneath a pyramid. In fact, if ever the kingdom of this world was a poet's, it was d'Annunzio's. Yet what true writer, were he given the choice, would not prefer to be with Shelley at the bottom of the Gulf of Spezzia than with d'Annunzio beneath his pyramid?

If ever a poet helped undo the poets' works, it was this man. They fought for human liberty, liberty of heart and mind; and d'Annunzio helped bring into existence a social order which has robbed human beings of the moral and spiritual liberty accumulated for them during centuries—and in the name of benefits which any well-administered government could provide without exacting the cost of freedom. And as a writer he gave mankind no new vision, no new dream, no superior social ideal.

The aristocratic perfection he set before the youth of Italy was all in all a sterile one. Disguised as an ideal of energy and activity, it actually was an ideal of continual agitation, of search for sensations for their own sake, and of luxuriation in the heaped fruits of centuries of culture. All the perfection he held before Italian society as a whole, was equally sterile. It was imperialist expansion.

He was a literary genius, without doubt: a genius of language and of form. Enormously he enriched and refined Italian. His language was an orchestra; and his novels, together with the sharp visualizations of naturalism, possessed beauty, solemnity, and dignity of form and the color and the tones of lyrics. Few novels approach poetry more closely than his shadowy "Virgins of the Rocks." With those other writers of his generation, the generation of the nineties, these novels replaced the shallow perspectives of naturalism with perspectives into the depths of the soul. But while d'Annunzio was a genius, he was a feminine one, far more decorative and reflective than original. What to an extent he experienced were other men's ideas. If his art had an ecstasy, a richness of nuances, and a death-intoxication which were his own, it also was a bewildering reflection of Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Wagner, and Barrès. Nor could he create dramatic characters. There is more of a passionate Italian woman in the words "Caina awaits the man who took our life!" which Dante puts into the mouth of his Francesca than in the marvellous concerto of language to be heard from d'Annunzio's. His verbose dramas in fact are magnificently decorated melodramas, and half the scorching eroticism in them is talk.

Even before the war, d'Annunzio was allowing himself to be led by fashionable Italian society and turning himself into the mouthpiece of its imperialist ambitions. After the war, he temporarily veered towards communism; and there came a moment when Fiume under his dictation was about to declare herself a soviet republic. But the trend towards fascism was stronger, and d'Annunzio lent it the impetus of his immense prestige. The rest is known; and the world will long have to pay the price of a genius's having continually to fill his inner void—the void which in other poets is occupied by their faith in life and their ideas—by the agitation which sometimes is called "action."

The Defense of Democracy

(Continued from page 4)

Britain, which awoke somewhat belatedly to the threats to the existence of a democratic France and a democratic Czechoslovakia inherent in the re-armament of Germany, and only ceased its denunciation of militaristic France and the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles when the arming of Hitler and Mussolini and their trampling on the rights of Austrians and Ethiopians, Jews and democrats, made the rhodomontade against the peace treaties look a trifle silly.

Mr. Walter Lippmann has done much to correct the earliest hasty and bitter estimates of Mr. Eden's disputes with Mr. Chamberlain, and his interpretation of the situation which resulted in the resignation of Mr. Eden, like all his patient and lucid interpretations of the foreign situation, seems to this writer both accurate and imaginative. The profound mistake made by most American writers on the European situation is, to my mind, that of attributing to Great Britain a logical, consistent, and traditional foreign policy. British statesmen and diplomatists are credited with a subtlety, a knowledge, and an experience of statecraft and diplomacy denied to the most brilliant and industrious of Americans. The illusion of Europe's superiority in political cunning is deeply ingrained in the American mind. Even the harmless horde of hardworking British lecturers (among them Mr. H. G. Wells and the present writer) are frequently represented here as secret agents and propagandists sent over by a crafty British Government to argue innocent Americans into a policy of intervention.

The truth is, on the contrary, that Great Britain has no long-range foreign policy except one of maintaining peace at almost any price, that her most criticized and most mystifying actions abroad are often accidents or improvisations, that her utterances in the field of foreign policy represent the lowest common denominator of the various British party programs, that her statesmen are often bunglers and amateurs, that on several occasions in post-war history the State Department in Washington has been better-advised than the Foreign Office in London, that British diplomatists are amiable but conservative gentlemen with a weakness for bridge and golf, gentlemen without much subtlety or imagination, and often unable, as in the case of the Spanish Revolution in 1931 and the Russian Revolution in 1917, to foresee or understand a political situation developing dramatically under their very noses.

In conclusion, may I suggest that England and America may yet save themselves, and with themselves democracy, if they will learn to understand each other's problems before judging and condemning the other. If they will learn to estimate at a little less than the truth instead of at grotesquely more than the truth each other's greed, ambition, duplicity, self-interest, blindness, and Machiavellianism. And if they will learn to rely for mutual advantage and protection less upon a common blood heritage (blood is *thinner* not thicker than water, when the water which divides it is salt) than upon a common language, culture, ethics, and political tradition, and also upon the amazing and salutary phenomenon that the two world empires, the British and the American, can co-exist without political, naval, or military rivalry, and with economic systems not only mutually complementary but increasingly interdependent.

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Disguised Murder

MAN AGAINST HIMSELF. By Karl A. Menninger, M.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

FREUD has stated that a suicide is a disguised murder. The suicide is at once the slayer and the slain, and the motive for killing is as important as its passive counterpart. The murder of the self is often a symbolic substitute for the murder of another with whom one has unconsciously identified oneself: a murder "in effigy" with one's self playing the part of the effigy as well as the killer. To illustrate his point and bring home the meaning of this unfamiliar idea Dr. Menninger describes a cartoon published in *The New Yorker:*

> The cartoon represents in the first picture a man sitting despondently beside the picture of a woman, a revolver in his right hand. In the subsequent pictures he first raises the revolver and places it at his temple with an air of resignation. Then a thought seems to strike him and he lowers the revolver, while he takes another look at the picture of the woman. In the final picture he has thrown back his head and, pointing the revolver at the picture of the woman, fires, blowing the picture to bits while an air of triumph and satisfaction mingles with his evident anger.

It is gratifying to find a book dealing with suicide and related phenomena written for the general public. It is gratifying, too, and significant that the book should be based on Freud's conception of the death-instinct and its role in human affairs. Dr. Menninger begins by elucidating exactly why Freud found it theoretically useful to posit an inherent death-instinct in human nature, an instinct which may operate against the environment or against the individual himself, and which may be alloyed and partly neutralized by admixtures of its opposite, the life-instinct. He proceeds logically to consider the phenomenon in which the death-instinct operating against the self is least modified, namely, suicide. The author points out how much anxiety is aroused by the idea of suicide and how this and certain moral conventions have prevented free consideration of the matter even among scientists. He shows what inadequate rationalizations the usual conventional explanations of a suicide really are, and, citing the psychoanalytic findings in cases of unsuccessfully attempted suicide, he reveals how impossible it is to gauge the true motives without taking into account the unconscious emotional life, past and present.

The psychology of suicide is not limited to the acute, single act of self-destruction. There are also slow self-destructive acts or series of acts, prolonged suicides, or, as Dr. Menninger calls them, chronic suicides. By this he refers to asceticism and martyrdom, neurotic invalidism, alcohol addiction, anti-social behavior (which has an unhappy ending), and psychosis. He also recognizes another variant to which he gives the name, focal suicide. Focal suicide includes self-mutilations, malingering, polysurgery (a term invented by Dr. Menninger to cover cases addicted to frequent operations), purposive accidents, and certain forms of impotence and frigidity. A third general class of substitute suicide Dr. Menninger calls organic suicide. Organic suicide is committed by those persons who acquire physical illnesses or who hamper the cure of their illnesses because of an unconscious desire to destroy themselves.

The basic idea of a self-destructive drive is not original with Dr. Menninger. It dates from Freud's publication of "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" in 1922, and has been used in psychoanalytic thinking by Freud and others. But Dr. Menninger has consistently attempted to trace the operation of suicidal motives throughout the field of disease, more thoroughly than other workers. He uses a profusion of illustration to illustrate his ideas. While the vast compilation of detail, drawn from clinical practice, ethnological reading, general literature, even from stories in *Time* and jokes in *The New Yorker,* supplies an astonishing richness, the book nevertheless is well organized and follows a consistent pattern. The style is unusually fresh, clear, and vivacious, and, though the book is written for a wide public, Dr. Menninger's colleagues will profit from reading it.

Warmth Between Fires

HOTEL IN SPAIN. By Nancy Johnstone. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

LAST September, before I left Spain, the Catalan Government gave a farewell party for me in Tossa de Mar, near Barcelona. I was told that I would enjoy meeting Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, "Archie" and "Nancy," as everybody called them, who had built, a few years before the Civil War, a little hotel there and had remained seemingly undisturbed by all that had since happened.

These Johnstones were charming people indeed, and their house, the "Casa Johnstone," up on a hill, a pocket Gibraltar, overlooked the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. They have written a really delightful book about their adventures, and the prospective settler in Catalonia will learn many useful things from it. Life down there is not easy and requires constant ingenuity. Did I not witness myself how they managed to muddle through? The Government had told them that there would be just a few people for lunch, and there were twenty of us who climbed up the hill.

"What on earth are you thinking about?" Nancy asked, "How am I to feed half a company? Isn't there still a civil war on?" Feed us she did, however, and thoroughly too, for Spaniards and Catalans like good food and plenty, even when it is hard to get. And of course all had to be cooked on the charcoal stove, about which Nancy complains so bitterly in her book.

THE JOHNSTONES:
Archie, Nancy, and Leonard.

Their real difficulties arose only when they had to fight the British Navy after the outbreak of the Civil War. One day a cruiser called at the harbor of Tossa, and the commander had his instructions: to save the Johnstones from the terror in the grip of which they were supposed to be. That there wasn't any terror ran against his orders and, therefore, could not be true. Two more battleships had to be fought off, and every time the commander said, "This is your last chance to escape the terror," until the Admiralty dropped the Johnstones as a hopeless case.

In no other description of Spain before and during the Civil War (a book of my own not excluded!) have I found anything which compares with this charming, original, and colorful narrative. It is a human story, not a political one, and no Red or White point of view is forced upon you. Personally, I do not even know what the Johnstones' point of view is; and frankly, I am not interested. All I know is that they love freedom, good fellowship, and the wonderful land which has become their adopted country; and that they have not lost their sense of humor.

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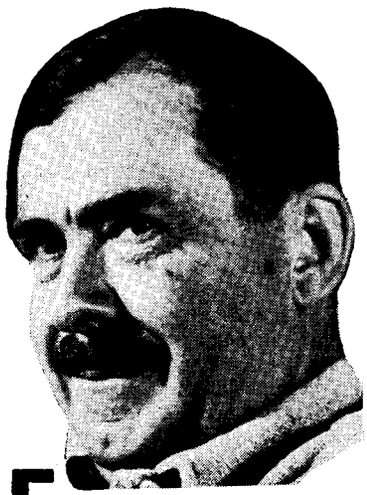
Seabrook reporting 40,000,000 Americans



THESE FOREIGNERS

BY THE AUTHOR OF ASYLUM

William Seabrook has extraordinary ability to get at the roots of the matter. If it's a desert or jungle, Seabrook produces THE MAGIC ISLAND or JUNGLE WAYS. If it's himself, it's a frank document like ASYLUM. Now, in his own American backyard, he has become curious about the forty million American citizens and neighbors we call Swedes, Norwegians, Italians, Dutch, Germans, Poles, Russians.

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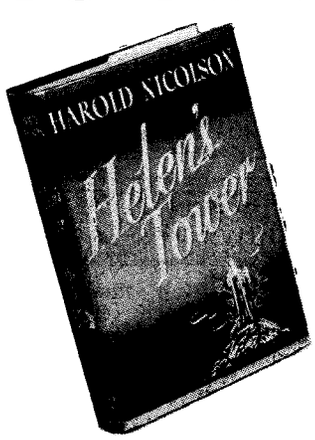

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Is Homo Sapient?

THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIAL ACTION. By Talcott Parsons. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1937. $6.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

ANYONE who absents himself from felicity long enough to write an eight hundred page tome on any subject whatever has an almost human right to be heard. Anyone who writes at that length on social action has an almost divine right to be heard. For the subject is a highly important one, not only for social science in particular but for society in general. Everything that human beings do and practically everything they refrain from doing can be considered social action. What then is the structure of social action? How do social scientists study it? How should they study it? These are the questions which the author, a young Heidelberg-trained sociologist at Harvard, attempts to answer in a book which easily justifies itself as one of the most profound and learned contributions to social science in the last decade.

It is not, however, so easily read. Its closely-reasoned argument runs along on a level so abstruse that a reader who skips the preface could mistake it for a bad translation from the German and regard the author as a new candidate for admission into the cult of unintelligibility. The fault reaches stylistic absurdity when he suggests that Durkheim "lacked sufficient methodological clarity as to the nature of analytical abstraction," and when he draws superfine distinctions between "rationalistic individualistic statistical positivism," "radical rationalistic individualistic positivism," "radical anti-intellectualistic individualistic positivism," and "radical rationalistic sociologistic positivism." Unfortunately the book will miss the wide audience it deserves because only those whose intellectual frames do not crumple under the oppressive weight of the Teutonic tradition in scholarship will have the courage to read it.

In order to simplify these profundities somewhat it will be helpful to disclose that on certain fundamental issues sociology, unlike Gaul, is divided into two parts, and that the members of the first part are arrayed in quiet warfare against the members of the second part. On the first, or subjective, side of the barricades crouch those sociologists who believe, with the author of this book, that the objective methods of the natural sciences are inadequate for the serious pursuit of the answers to sociological problems. They contend that men are something more than biological organisms and that when they participate in social action they do so rationally, with certain ends in view, and with the capacity for choosing the means for attaining them. Sociology then properly becomes a study of what goes on in the mind of an individual before he acts, what means for attaining his end are at his disposal, what means he chooses and why, and how well he thinks he has attained his end with the chosen means. Sociologists on the other, or objective, side of the barricades, snipe constantly at the notion that social action includes anything which eludes scientific methods of study, hoot derisively at sociological attempts to study the processes of the mind, and maintain that sociology can produce results only by ruling out elements not susceptible to observation and measurement. They accordingly regard such concepts as "ends," "norms," "means," "values," and "the mind" as distinguished from the biological organism—all of which play major roles in this book—as sheer sociological subterfuge. They especially reject the concept "end" on the ground that a behaving person is not pulled from ahead by an "end" but pushed from behind by psychological motivations and physiological drives.

Unquestionably the division is not so clear-cut, but no one doubts that it exists nor that the war has widened the breach between theory and practice in sociology. It is doubtful, for example, if such hard-headed empiricists as the authors of "Middletown in Transition" will bother to read "The Structure of Social Action." For it is the general thesis of this book that the subjective sociologists are right and that a sociology which ignores ends of action, norms, the mind, and other subjective elements, throws up the sponge at the start. To support this thesis Parsons invokes the theories of four outstanding figures in the history of social science—Alfred Marshall, Vilfredo Pareto, Émile Durkheim, and Max Weber—and demonstrates, with a logic that never was since Hegel put out to sea, that they all belonged to the same regiment. So impressive, indeed, is the convergence in the theories of these social scientists that sociologists need only follow their command—with Max Weber as the generalissimo—to build a sociology which one day will fulfill its somewhat arrogant pretension to be the science of society. It is Parsons's hope that what he calls the "voluntaristic theory of action," growing out of this theoretical convergence, can lead to a sociological law describing the relation of means to ends, and give to sociology a well-defined field of its own—the analysis of action in terms of "means-end relationships." These relationships comprise the structure of social action.

While it is impossible to treat these points in detail, a critical comment or two may be hurled from the other side of the barricades. Even if such a "convergence" as Parsons reads into the work of Marshall, Pareto, Durkheim, and Weber should exist, it could scarcely justify his claim that it validates the "voluntaristic theory of action." It could as cogently be asserted that the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas is true because all of the Jesuit authors of the Stonyhurst Philosophical Series and Mr. Mortimer J. Adler subscribe to it. The "point-for-point correspondence," exhibited by a too versatile logic, actually turns out to be a matter of scholastic exposition of texts and necessitates, in the case of Pareto, a disagreement with most of the current interpretations of his work. It was Pareto, it will be remembered, who wanted to pattern sociology after physics, chemistry, and celes-

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tial mechanics; who excluded all data that are not "uniformly subject to verification by experience"; who said that more errors than truths are obtained from knowledge of the processes of the mind; and who objected to the concept "end" because it lies equally far outside the experimental field and is even more unknown than the concept "good." Here's the respect that makes calamity of so subjective a theory. Ends and means and norms are not uniformly subject to verification by the methods of objective science, they have—semantically speaking—no referents, and they can neither be observed nor measured. A sociology of the subjective is about as scientifically useful as a sonnet to a skylark, and the "voluntaristic theory of action" would make William James—and probably Pareto—turn in his grave.

Although this book can be recommended without stint as the most complete treatment in English of Pareto, Durkheim, and Weber, it neatly articulates the direction sociology cannot take if it is to be an empirical science. Therein lies its greatest significance; it is a stop sign at the end of a blind alley—but with an excellent map of the alley posted on it.

Robert Bierstedt is on the faculty of Columbia University, in the Department of Philosophy.

Speculations of a Poet

A VISION. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME twenty years ago, through his wife's experiments in automatic writing, the greatest poet of our time believes that he received communications from the other world at first purporting "to give you metaphors for poetry." The communications finally built themselves into an entire geometrical system of symbolism, including "cones" and "gyres," aided by exposition in sleep, and thwarted by those the communicators referred to as the Frustrators. It will all seem as bewilderingly esoteric to the layman as the prophetic books of Blake or the Swedenborgianism of Coleridge. The poet Yeats, of course, has always possessed a metaphysical mind of great subtlety, and the fabulous, from childhood, has been his meat and drink. He is the most psychic of Celts. But what surpasses all this in importance is that he is a great poet, a magician with language. His conjurations with words are the most extraordinary in our time. And whatever you may make of his Michael Robartes and Owen Aherne—in both the stories and the poem "The Phases of the Moon" that here concern them, there is magical writing. Perhaps it is a limitation of my mind that it can consign the diagram of the Historical Cones to limbo since, on the facing page, stands that superb poem concerning Leda—and I had rather read "All Souls' Night" at the end of the book than the thoroughgoing explication of all the symbolism of the "Vision."

Yeats is a poet of imagination all compact, but also an artist whose hand has never swerved or botched. There is a decided kinship with Blake, for these reasons, despite the differences of nationality.

Nothing Left Out

HOW SLEEPS THE BEAST. By Don Tracy. New York: M. S. Mill Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS is a piece of tough-minded, tough-skinned reporting, not journalism but cinema, and it could be reviewed as though it were a film. It is the story of "Fury" and "They Won't Forget" told more completely, leaving absolutely nothing out. We caught snatches of this mob-violence in "Fury" but we couldn't get beneath the surface of the crowd and watch the madness grow in each man and woman, as we can here. "They Won't Forget" had something of the psychological feel of the lynch spirit, but had to stop short of consummation with a symbolistic shot of a mail bag jerked off a cross-bar. Tracy's story follows the facts through from the beginning to the bitter, ghastly end, and those who read it will learn, if they have not already suspected, the limitations of symbolism. Imagine him with his candid camera, in the general store of a Maryland town, picking up intimate shots of some of the main characters lolling at ease before the thing happens. Then a brief view of the unhappy slattern, kicked and slandered by every man in the town, until her violent death sanctifies her. Here Tracy faces his issues squarely; the criminal, and the eventual victim, is a Negro crazed with corn liquor.

Now the beast stirs, lynch law. We're following the camera again, and see the restlessness in the streets, the men looking at each other and picking their leaders. It is a folk-drama according to a fixed pattern, everyone knowing the end and moving toward it. Tracy covers it all in straight reporting with no fancy shots, no symbolic short-cuts, to the lynching itself, in such a description as has probably never been put down before. This reviewer has received an eye-witness account and knows this story to be free of exaggeration; its power and terror are the effects of true reporting. This effectiveness depends entirely, as I have said, upon its cinematic qualities, its sequence of sights and sounds. There are natural breaks here and there that have to be joined with narrative passages, and then the writing falls down visibly, often into stilted phrasing and clumsiness. This seems an unnecessary weakness in a writer who can catch so well the accents of men's speech and the pitch of their emotions.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 206)

S. DANIEL: "ULYSSES AND THE SIREN"

Ulysses, O be not deceived
With that unreal name;
This honour is a thing conceived
And rests on other's fame;
Begotten only to molest
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The New Books

Fiction

WORLD'S END. By Pamela Hansford Johnson, Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

Miss Johnson longs for peace, not the peace of the spirit, but world peace, that will allow people to pursue their own happiness in their own way. In the story of Arnold Brand and his wife Doris, living in modern London on the fringe between employment and the dole, and always with the dread hanging over them of what the heedless world around them will do next to affect their security and their happiness, she expresses the need for freedom from even the shadow of war in private, modest lives.

No doubt in London the possibility of international war has a more personal application than it has in North America. It may also be that Arnold's life of economic insecurity would lead him to dwell upon all the dangers about him. He is not portrayed as a weakling, yet he acts as a weakling would, and Miss Johnson's effect is to make the reader feel that her people are afraid of life itself, wasting the present moment in dread anticipation of the future. And her story bears out that that is what they have done, for Doris dies in childbirth, suddenly and unreasonably, as such deaths are, and Arnold, with all that bound his uncertain life together gone, goes off to face his own destiny fighting for the Loyalists in Spain. He tells himself that he seeks to make the world safe for his son that will never grow up, and for other men's sons that will, but the reader knows that he is going to face down his own fears, to conquer them in combat or die in the attempt; life is not worth living with them.

The theme might be said to be the separate destinies of man and woman, but Miss Johnson could have made her intention clearer. As long as women face death in childbirth, must not men face it too, and share the danger of living in their own way? Are not the worth-while ends of life obtained through struggle? These are questions for which the Brands seem to have sought negative answers, until at last they had to accept the affirmatives. Arnold is not quite a finished portrait, nor is Doris. The minor characters are more successful. This is not a novel on the grand scale; its tone is level, like the lives of its characters, whose decisions, instead of being deliberate and therefore dramatic, are forced upon them from the outside.

L. H. C.

TONIA. By Yuri Herman. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

The author of this excellent book is a young Russian who combines in it the charm of the old Russia with the modern setting of the Soviet Republic. "Tonia" is the story of a girl, orphaned at the age of sixteen, who has to face problems and situations in Soviet Russia which spring from the wide difference between her background and the outlook that prevails at the present. We are carried through her first marriage to the likable, good-for-nothing sailor Skvortzow, her remarriage to the old man Pavel Pavlovich who has gradually assumed the role of protector of herself and her child, and her tearing away from the security he gives her. Living with a very modern Soviet family, Tonia gradually finds herself. At the age of thirty she has organized a Child Welfare Center and is within a year of being a doctor. She has met the man she loves, and we leave her on the platform of the railroad station while he speeds to Central Asia and she returns to her studies, both of them parts of the relentless Soviet machine.

"Tonia" is somewhat lengthy but its interest never flags. Against a background of vividly drawn characters the heroine advances through all the stages of development, yet it is not she who matters principally, but the modern Russia that surrounds and molds her. The book is of particular interest to those who want to learn something about Soviet psychology. Its style is easy and entertaining, and its point of view balanced. The author succeeds in winning at least a tolerant hearing for the outlook and problems of Soviet Russia.

Z. R.

THE DEATH OF MARK. By R. E. Spencer. Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. $2.50.

D. H. Lawrence, in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," had occasion to deal with the problem of a young and attractive female attached to a paralyzed husband. Mr. Spencer has taken the same theme for "The Death of Mark," but he has dealt with it in such lofty terms that large stretches of his novel read like dream-versions of Plato. Mark, the strong-willed and dominant male, had always suppressed his love for Rita and forced her to deny her own for him. Unwilling to face the loss of his personal independence after the accident which destroys his manhood, he defies his own nature and vainly urges Rita to find fulfillment for hers in an affair with his brother. But the strain of his determination breaks his spirit and, temporarily, wrecks his mind. Reborn to sanity, he resigns himself to his dependence, while Rita, having found some inner freedom, reconciles herself to a life of outward sacrifice.

This story is told in terms of the successive states of mind which Mark and Rita undergo. But these states of mind, described for the most part in the imagery or poetic landscapes, take on a sort of categorical absoluteness. Even confusion becomes an idealized confusion in which such abstract entities as Love, Obedience, and Renunciation vie with one another. This may be perfectly consistent psychology in the ideal, but it is not human psychology. Since it is not humanly recognizable, it cannot give the reader that intimate personal concern for the fate of its subjects which is an important criterion of successful fiction.

L. J. H., Jr.

THE WALL OF MEN. By William Rollins, Jr. Modern Age. 1938. 25 cents.

To the reputation Mr. Rollins earned with an excellent labor novel a few years ago, this little book will add nothing. Ostensibly a romance set against the present Spanish war, it is doubly marked, by haste, and by a partisanship out of all proportion to the story's dimensions. That is to say, the life of the book is in its author's sympathies, and not in its characters. It is easy enough to share in these sympathies, and to feel at the same time that the sketchy and "flat" people here involved—the heroic loyalists, the cowardly rebels, the good priest and the bad priest, depending upon which faction he

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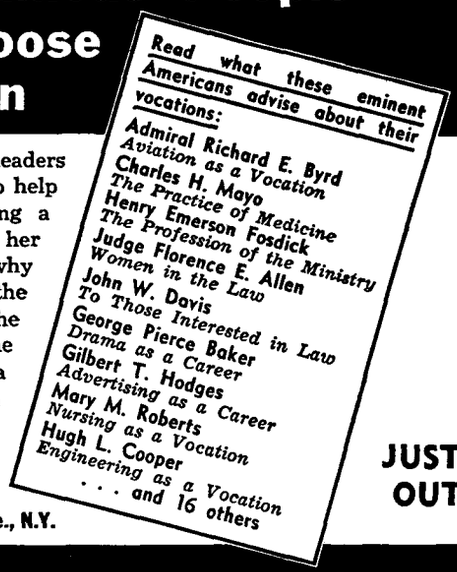
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belongs to—do nothing to probe or clarify things one way or the other. If a novel is to be so heavily weighted with argument (and there is no reason why it should not be), it must have people in it big enough in themselves to maintain the balance, unless they are to act merely as symbols in a political charade. That is the trouble here. Jose is good and Rafael is bad, and we know the shape every one of their actions will take and even how their characters will develop, merely because we know which side they're on. That kind of determinism makes a bad novel, even though it may make a good pamphlet. Political novels need not be so dehydrated of subtlety, as such novels as "Bread and Wine" demonstrate.

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

AMERICA ON RELIEF. By Marie Dresden Lane and Francis Steegmuller. Harcourt, Brace. 1938. $2.

This small but well-packed book, written out of the experience of a social worker by her collaborator, should be required reading for every voter. It tells a clear, calm story of public relief in this country since 1933, and of its administration. It is neither defense nor attack. When it praises or criticizes, it does so specifically, not in generalities. The criticism is constructive; the book concludes with a chapter on "next steps." What a relief from most writings on relief!

One of the chief values of this narrative and commentary lies in its setting forth of the sequence of events, its revelation of the way in which the problems of administering relief grew in number, variety, and complexity. It shows how relief needs rolled up like a great snowball, until the country was involved in "a battle between numbers and dollars." No sooner was one group aided than another with equal claims on public assistance clamored for help.

Of the handling of this almost superhuman task, the authors give both commendation and criticism. They do so dispassionately and without partisanship of any kind. They realize, and help us to realize, that the administration of relief has been confronted with conditions and problems, not mere theories. Lack of uniformity of living standards and the existence of undesirably low standards in some sections have complicated its administration.

Here is a practical, provocative discussion of the problem of relief and its administration, entirely divorced from bias, prejudice, and politics.

R. G. F.

OLD WILLIAMSBURG, and her Neighbors. By William Oliver Stevens. Dodd, Mead. 1938. $3.

Williamsburg, the capital of the Royal Colony of Virginia for nearly a century, is one of the most individual of our historic towns. It bore statesmen and soldiers of national importance; it fostered the Revolution and saw it successfully ter-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEAD DON'T CARE *Jonathan Latimer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Torrid lass named Imago Paraguay poisoned, gambler shot, and heiress kidnapped whilst W. Crane and O'Malley drink and deduce.	Florida gold coast scenery, plenty rough stuff, super-charged conversation, de luxe females, and gory finish that out-Hems Ernest.	Spectacular
THE CASE OF THE TUDOR QUEEN *Christopher Bush* (Holt: $2.)	Actress and servant found poisoned. Ludovic Travers follows case to seemingly dead end—then nabs overconfident killer.	Team-work of Travers and Wharton makes good reading, theatrical background has point to it, and denouement is surprising.	Up to snuff
TO WAKE THE DEAD *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Husband slain at English country house; wife similarly slaughtered in London hotel. Dr. Fell performs deductive acrobatics.	Author even better than usual at inducing shivers, but tendency to lead reader up garden path irritates.	Worth while
DAMES DON'T CARE *Peter Cheyney* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Lemmy Caution, caught between blonde and brunette, shoots and slangs self out of sundry scrapes.	Spate of gangster lingo (not too genuine) gets tiresome before end but there's plenty of zip to it.	Take it or leave it
PLANTATION MURDER *Christine Govan* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Unhappy mistress of S.C. manor shot at dance. Cruel husband and trained nurse later slain. Local Coroner and Sheriff officiate.	Horror by the jugful, miasmic swamps, superstitious Negroes, old families in decay, and great gobs of gloom brooding over all.	Depressing
QUEER MR. QUELL *W. J. Makin* (McBride: $2.)	Gentleman crook, who leaves tag lines from Greek Anthology at scene of robberies, reduces Scotland Yard to apoplectic pulp.	Latest variation on classic Raffles theme has swift action, sufficiently sinister characters, and more than usual amount of incredible exploits.	Fluff
THE ANNULET OF GILT *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	Strangulation of two women in his Cape Cod bailiwick involves Asey Mayo in mystery with international ramifications.	Even without absurd Ruritanian trappings and plethora of daown east whimsicalities, story is confused and solution unconvincing.	Minor Mayo
THE MISSING AUNT *G.D.H. and Margaret Cole* (Macmillan: $2.)	Violent deaths of 2 rich English spinsters with avid and worthless heirs give Insp. Wilson sundry headaches.	Prolix pages on relationship of principals and criminal, who announces himself early, take edge off mystery.	Turgid
THE SCARECROW MURDERS *Frederic Arnold Kummer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Rich play-boy, private 'tec, and Negro servant brutally slain in Eastern sho' village. Local doc. does most of detecting.	Much gore and Old Testament grimness, also colorful background—in which, however, murderer is quite forgotten.	Run-of-mill

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minated but a few miles away. It survived the Civil War to sink into a slumber so deep that even the appropriation for winding the town clock was discontinued, since time was valueless; and it was not until 1927 that it was prodded to life by Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr., who has now nearly completed his colossal project of restoration.

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Mr. Stevens is an amiable guide, rich in anecdote and legend to supplement the historical narrative with which he regales you as you follow him first to Fredericksburg, accurst by Baptists for ninety-nine years, down the Rappahannock to Jamestown, which in 1619 imported simultaneously a cargo of slaves and another of eager English girls—to begin Virginia's serious culture of tobacco and "Belles"—past Yorktown, where Count Rochambeau and Admiral de Grasse, "aided by George Washington," captured Cornwallis and ended the Revolutionary War. In Williamsburg you are led to the many heroic shrines and tutored in each.

Mr. Stevens's drawings catch the quaintness or dignity of these relics. His guidebook is a successful one, with few omissions of interest to the casual traveler, though he might have given more than a paragraph to the very skillful revival of the Williamsburg handicrafts, for their products, built and sold under municipal supervision, are among the finest of the sort that we have.

H. D.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientele; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA—Guest house one mile from village, recently opened by experienced manager. Peace and quiet, beautiful mountain view, attractive comfortable rooms; private baths, distinctive food, moderate rates; open year round. Mrs. Frances N. Williams, Mill Farm.

FOR SALE OR PARTNERSHIP—Established school for girls (junior college) now operating. Complete equipment for limited numbers offers good return for moderate investment. Terms reasonable, but capital necessary. Address Athenaeum, Care Saturday Review.

EVERY INTELLIGENT WOMAN should know about this practical, authoritative home-study Course in Human Relationships—presented from the woman's viewpoint—toward the realization of distinctive personality, social sureness, career perspective, life fulfillment. Write for free descriptive booklet. Dorothy Kingsley, 250 Park Ave., New York.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

GENTLEMAN in forties, university education, professional, highest references, invites correspondence. Box 514-C.

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NEW YORK BOUND? No flickering electric day to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people who must be in New York for a considerable time this winter will appreciate the pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Newly furnished and decorated suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing for reservations. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

A PEACEFUL HAVEN,— for you alone, or for a small houseparty. The Farm on the Hill R.R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

WANTED, YOUNG WOMAN in Philadelphia area to correspond with man (26) of intellectual tastes and independent mind bored by the shallowness of the many. Box 530-C.

100 PLOT OUTLINES of Redbook, American, Cosmopolitan stories. $1. Writers' Clearinghouse, 4 East 53rd St., New York City.

WANTED: MALE COMPANION sans guile and under thirty to share pleasures if not expenses of week-ends in country by him who finds city life at such times terribly unnecessary. Box 528-C.

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WASHINGTONIANS (D. C.): Young gentleman, two university degrees, must earn bare living while writing first novel. Suggestions? Box 534-C.

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WANTED—Sublet small apartment from May 1. Furnished or unfurnished. Midtown Manhattan. Box 533-C.

FRIENDS, ROMANS, LOVERS, full moon next week. The Farm on the Hill, R. R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

EVERY MOTHER overly ambitious for her child should read "SON OF SONG" by Alfred Eichler. Order this dramatic novel from your bookseller today. Published by Robert Speller, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

YOUNG WOMAN, 34, with twelve years' editorial experience, would like position for summer or permanent, part or full time. Private school and college background, secretary, licensed driver, traveled. Box 535-C.

BELGIAN FINANCIER and wife spending April, May and June touring throughout United States require competent stenographer-typist with own portable to act as secretary. Write fully stating experience, salary desired. Box 538-C.

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FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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MANUSCRIPTS WANTED. Interested in memoirs, biographies, travel, scientific, fiction, westerns, mysteries and manuscripts in other fields. We are looking for worthwhile manuscripts for book publication. Include return postage. Dept. SR, House of Field, Inc., 521 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

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WRITERS are invited to send for details of a new, cooperatively-published literary magazine, first issue now in preparation for April 1st newsstand distribution. Paul J. Frank, Editor—SPOTLIGHT—95 Christopher Street, N. Y. C.

LANGUAGES

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GENERAL

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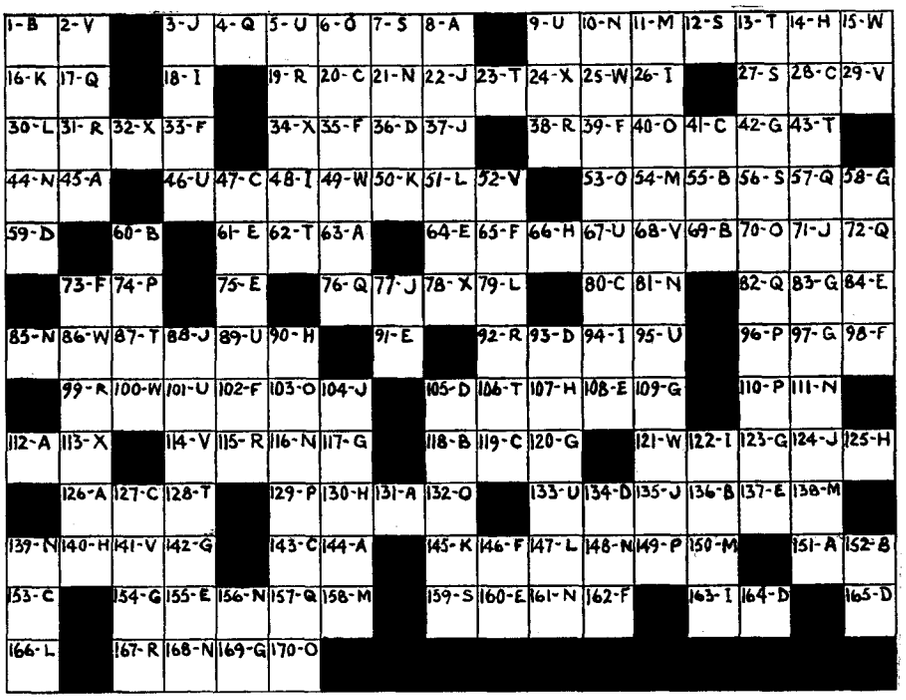
NEW & SECOND HAND BOOKS. In or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

Double-Crostics: No. 207

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Composer of opera "Thais."
B. Character in "Aida."
C. Opera by DeKoven (2 wds.).
D. Criminal tramp (slang).
E. Meeting-night for demons and witches.
F. Austrian composer (1874-).
G. Composer of "Hansel and Gretel."
H. Short business trips.
I. Russian composer (1855-1914).
J. Languor; debility.
K. Unit of work.
L. Ornamental Japanese spruce.
M. Trench.
N. Russian pianist and composer (1873-).
O. Collected for oneself.
P. Attractively stylish (slang).
Q. Consanguinity.
R. Goods.
S. Authoritative standards.
T. Felt acutely distressed.
U. Enticers.
V. Has satisfaction in.
W. Uninjured; undefiled.
X. Trim (colloq.).

WORDS

A. 112 151 8 63 45 126 131 144
B. 118 1 152 136 55 60 69
C. 41 47 28 143 119 20 80 127 153
D. 134 93 105 59 165 36 164
E. 61 75 137 64 160 155 84 91 108
F. 33 39 35 65 102 73 98 146 162
G. 97 123 142 109 42 169 120 83 58 154 117
H. 90 130 140 107 14 125 66
I. 94 163 18 26 122 48
J. 124 88 104 135 77 37 22 3 71
K. 16 50 145
L. 166 30 51 79 147
M. 138 54 150 158 11
N. 10 168 116 85 44 148 111 156 161 21 139 81
O. 40 53 6 70 170 132 103
P. 149 110 129 96 74
Q. 76 57 82 72 4 157 17
R. 167 92 99 115 31 19 38
S. 56 27 159 7 12
T. 23 87 62 106 128 13 43
U. 95 101 133 9 46 5 89 67
V. 68 114 29 141 2 52
W. 100 25 86 49 121 15
X. 78 24 32 34 113

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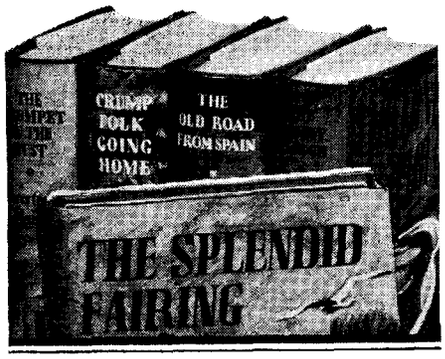

THE NOVELS OF

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When Quercus recently inaugurated a search for a reader of some of Constance Holme's novels the enthusiastic replies that flooded the Letters to the Editor page ran the publishers completely out of stock and were gratifying beyond words. But not surprising. For, as many a delighted reader of Miss Holme can testify, it is impossible to read one of her novels and not clamor for more. Phenomenally successful in England (where one single Leeds bookseller sold over 5000 copies of *The Lonely Plough* in his own shop), Miss Holme's popularity is rapidly growing in America.

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CRUMP FOLK GOING HOME, THE LONELY PLOUGH, THE OLD ROAD FROM SPAIN, BEAUTIFUL END, THE SPLENDID FAIRING, THE TRUMPET IN THE DUST, THE THINGS WHICH BELONG, HE-WHO-CAME?, THE WISDOM OF THE SIMPLE.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE "Personals" printed in *The Bowling Green* in this issue are identified as follows:—

Box 1, Francis Thompson. Box 2, Burns. Box 3, Hawthorne. Box 4, At Mr. and Mrs. Davies' bookshop Boswell first met Dr. Johnson. Box 5, Christopher Mountjoy, at whose house Shakespeare lodged. Box 6, Rev. Laurence Sterne. Box 7, George Gissing. Box 8, Dr. Johnson. Box 9, Kipling. Box 10, Keats. Box 11, O. Henry. Box 12, Robert Louis Stevenson. Box 13, Oliver Goldsmith. Box 14, Ruskin. Box 15, Coleridge. Box 16, Arthur Sullivan. Box 17, Oscar Wilde. Box 18, Lafcadio Hearn. Box 19, De Quincey. Box 20, William McFee. Box 21, Walt Whitman. Box 22, Trollope. Box 23, Eugene Field. Box 24, Swinburne. Box 25, Thomas Hardy. Box 26, John Woolman. Box 27, Herrick. ☞AA1 rating at the Booksellers' Lloyd's to Farrar & Rinehart for intelligent promotion work. AA, of course, means *Action at Aquila,* or *Anthony Adverse.* ☞Old Q. was much pleased that England discovered, and caused Stokes to republish, *The Best of Runyon.* ☞We know our Runyons; in fact we first admired him in print about 1921. Compared to Damon few writers are pithy as.

☞John O'Ren, who writes an agreeable column in the Baltimore *Sun,* remarks the humors of books that chance to stand next to each other on second-hand shelves. Somewhere in New York City he found *The Philosophy of Temperance and Prohibition* alongside *After the Deluge.* ☞But the most absit-omenish shelf neighbors were two that stood side by side for years in Harry Scherman's office at the Book-of-the-Month Club; and Mr. Scherman always insisted it was mere accident. One was *The United States in World Affairs;* and next it, *Funeral Costs.* ☞The most attractive piece of promotion we have seen in a long while is a letter sent out by the Children's Book Shop of Rochester, N. Y. suggesting that its patrons come in and sign a petition begging for a new book about *Mary Poppins.* It would be a hard hearted author who could resist so pretty an appeal. ☞A London publisher now conning the American scene tells us that the late T. E. Hulme, philosopher and poet killed in the War of 1917, was "sent down" (viz. rusticated) from Cambridge for correcting the pronunciation of actors at a local theatre. But what a useful career that would be, if one could earn a living at it. ☞Even the American Academy of Arts and Letters, that exalted Quarantine on Upper Broadway, is not exempt from the woes of typographic accident. The cover and title page of its latest booklet of tributes to former members misspell the name of a distinguished academician; the erring edition has been recalled, and so becomes a collectors' item.

☞Mr. John Barnes Pratt, busy since 1919 in the rehabilitation of an ancient publishing imprint, that of A. S. Barnes and Company, tells the story interestingly in a little book privately printed, *A Century of Book Publishing, 1838-1938.* He gives in facsimile a letter from the late F. N. Doubleday in which "Effendi" wrote that Mr. A. S. Barnes was the first man young Doubleday called on, at the age of 14, when looking for a job. ☞Alfred Barnes himself began as a clerk in Robinson's bookstore in Hartford, at a salary of $30 a year. He started his own business in 1838. From 1840 to 1845 he was publishing in Philadelphia, "but the rapidly growing business demanded a more lively and energetic environment." ☞Mrs. E. H. Downey writes from the University Women's Club of Kansas City that last October Miss Florence Trotter lectured to the club on the novels of Constance Holme. The enthusiasm of members caused the club to put Miss Holme's books in its rental library. ☞This closes the discussion of C. H. ☞We don't know just why, but Mr. Mitchell Kennerley suddenly sends us a postal card saying "What a great bird the author of *Vathek* must have been!"

☞Gilbert H. Fabes, London bookseller, pleases Old Q. by saying "I like your word for beginners in book-lore, *librolescents.*" ☞Mr. Fabes, known to many Americans as manager of Foyle's rare book department some years ago, now has his own shop at 9 Southampton Street, High Holborn. ☞The other day we had occasion to hire a car in Philadelphia, and made a discovery that none of the Quaker City Boswellians, not even the Caliph Newton, ever attained. There is an admirable outfit called the Penn Limousine Service, at 312 South 24th St. And one of their drivers—courteous, capable, well-informed—is called *John Auchinleck;* and his family came from there. Any Johnsonian who needs a ride in Philly should be sure to engage Mr. Auchinleck—pronounced as by Boswell, Affleck.

☞The good old Works Progress Administration is broadcasting a series of "Their Greatest Stories," by writers of short fiction (from Bret Harte on). W.P.A. says:—

> A special "reader" technique will be used as much as possible, these stories will be presented virtually word-for-word, letting the drama of the author's writing come to the ears of the listeners just as it comes to the eyes of the reader. The technique will be varied, however, according to that dramatic treatment which best fits each story. In some cases, for example Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" and Galsworthy's "Quality" where there is much dialogue in the stories, it will be kept intact with different suitable voices reading the parts.

☞Messrs. Sheed & Ward, publishers, 63 Fifth Avenue, announce the appointment of Mr. Lionel Bridge as manager. Mr. Bridge, an Australian by birth, has formerly been in advertising work on the Pacific Coast, and in wool publicity. ☞Maisie Ward (Mrs. F. J. Sheed) of the same firm, has been asked by Mrs. G. K. Chesterton to write the authorized biography of G. K. C.

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